THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers. NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1452.

Original Poetry.

WEALTH AND WISDOM.

A VERSIFICATION FROM JOB.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Silver and gold man searcheth out,
He bringeth out the splendid ore,
And light he scattereth round about
Where all was dim and dark before.

But where, ye sages, tell me where
Can Wisdom's priceless worth be found—
Is it in ocean's depth, or air,
Or buried in the solid ground?

Crieth the abyss, "'tis not in me,"
"Nor yet in me," doth ocean tell;
Whence then can Wisdom's coming be,
And where doth Understanding dwell?

Deep hidden from each living eye,
Kept secret from the air-borne bird—
And Hell and Death alone reply,
"Thereof a murmur we have heard."

Of that high road that leadeth there,
God marketh out a shining trace—
God, the Omniscient, knoweth where
Is Wisdom's true abiding place.

Beholdeth Earth's remotest shores,
Surveyeth all the heavens below,
Whereon the sun his glory pours,
Where winds career or waters flow.

As the light winds He weighed, the sea
He measured and made laws for rain,
A path for thunder and the free
Wild flashes of the lightning's train.

Then did He see it and took count
Of all its vast and priceless worth;
(How poor beside its rich amount
The new-discovered gold of Earth!)

He searched into its deepest deep,
With line He compass'd it around,
So that the Lord our God doth keep
Wisdom's abiding-place and bound.

But unto man he said—"The fear
Of God is wisdom, and to be
From evil deeds and conscience clear,
Is understanding best for thee!"

Romance of Life.

THE FORTUNES OF THE MENZIKOFF FAMILY.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

War having been declared against Poland, Menzikoff signalized himself in several battles, and attained to the highest offices. But was he happy? No: the perpetual fears of a reverse that haunted him, the consciousness that he was an object of jealousy and envy to all who surrounded him, robbed him of anything like tranquillity of mind. Every thought was absorbed in the unceasing effort to maintain his elevated rank, now only second to that of the Emperor himself. But he was even now ill; he might die; what, then, would become of the favorite Menzikoff? Would his successor extend to him the same countenance? This thought pressing upon him perpetually, induced him to try and find out from the Emperor what his intentions were as to the succession to the throne; but the Prince was so much offended by the attempt, which he had too much penetration not to perceive, that, as a punishment, he deprived him of the principality of Pleskoff. Menzikoff was fully aware that his fate was bound up with that of the Empress Catharine, over whose mind he had always had great influence, and in concert with her he gained over all parties to favor her succession to the throne after the demise of her husband. No sooner were Peter's eyes closed in death, than Menzikoff seized on the Treasury and Citadel, and proclaimed Catharine Empress, under the name of Catharine I.

The czarina proved herself no ungrateful mistress; she ordered her step-son, Peter, whom she had named as her successor, to marry the daughter of Menzikoff, and through the same influence a marriage was also agreed upon between the son of the latter and the Princess Anna. Both couples were betrothed; and Menzikoff, left nothing to desire, thought himself henceforth secure from all reverses; but it was not long before he experienced the proverbial inconstancy of fortune. All his efforts to place his power on a solid basis proved fruitless; the sudden death of Catharine I, which took place two years after that of her husband, entirely changed the aspect of affairs. Peter II. ascended the throne, and soon the impending storm burst upon his head. [...]

Life in the City—Moving.

LAST DAY IN THE OLD HOUSE.

FIRST NIGHT IN THE NEW HOUSE—AWFUL APPEARANCE OF COCKROACHES.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE; Or, The Love of a House.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOHN JONES, JR.

"Hadn't you better give our landlord notice to-day, that we will move at the end of the year, Mr Plunket."

"Move! For Heaven's sake, Sarah, what do we want to move for?"

"Mr. Plunket!"

"Mrs. Plunket!"

"It's a very strange way for you to address me, Mr. Plunket. A very strange way!"

[...]

"And worse than all, ma, every closet infested with ants, and overrun with mice. Ugh! I'm afraid to open a cupboard, or look into a drawer. Why, yesterday a mouse jumped upon me, and came near going into my bosom. I almost fainted. Oh, dear! I never can live in this house another year. It is out of the question. I should die."

"No one thinks of it except Mr. Plunket. And he's always opposed to every thing. But that's no matter. If he don't notify the landlord, we can. Live here another twelvemonth! No, indeed!"

"I saw a bill on a house in Seventh Street yesterday; and I had a great mind, then, to stop and look at it. It was a beautiful place. Just what we want."

"Put your things on, Sarah, right away, and go and see about it. Depend upon it, we can't do worse than this."

[...]

The Gold Regions.

THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

The insatiable thirst for gold which distinguished the early Spanish conquerors of South America, is still a characteristic of many of their descendants, who form part of a nomadic population that frequent the immense and scantily peopled regions lying between the United States and the fertile provinces of Northern Mexico. The three great branches of the commerce of the country here find a host of lawless representatives. The hunters are the most active supporters of the trade in skins and furs; that in leather and cattle is followed by the vaqueros, while that in precious metals falls to the lot of the gambusinos, or gold-seekers. The work of a recent traveller presents us with some particulars concerning the habits and precarious mode of life of the latter, which, in the highest degree adventurous, are comparatively but little known.

Under the denomination of gambusinos is included a host of vagabond miners, practical metallurgists, who seem endowed with a marvellous instinct for the discovery of veins of gold, more abundant in the North than in any other part of the States. Without capital to carry on subterranean excavations, they are obliged to content themselves with skimming the surface. Their wonderful tact is assisted by certain general indications. The matrix of the mineral is almost always composed of quartz rocks, which, in some spaces, are scattered for [...]

Original Sketch.

UNLUCKY NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY BOB TUBBS.

[...]

Humorous Poetry.

CHAPTER ON MISSES.

[...]

The World Abroad.

CONDUCTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE SAT. EVENING POST.

LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. V.

SWITZERLAND.

(CONTINUED.)

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

In the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, there had been a good deal of persecution by the Radicals, who had undertaken to control in religious as well as in civil matters. Some had been fined, imprisoned and banished by them; and they had forbidden ministers to hold meetings. He (the lecturer) was ashamed of such Protestants,—they were intolerable in dungeon. Their cause—of these evils was the prominent union of Church and State. The same Radical party prevailed in Geneva and other cantons—in the central, as well. The inhabitants of Switzerland are German, Italian and French, according to the cantons approximating to Germany, Italy or France. In the Grisons, about 40 000 persons speak a kind of Latin, called the Romaic Rumsch. They have a literature of their own; but mostly a kind of "horse Italian." The Swiss may be thus divided:

1,500 000 speak German.
600,000 speak French.
150 000 speak Italian.
30,000 speak Latin.

Switzerland was governed by an aristocratic party until within the last two years. The Reformation then obtained power, and, (the lecturer did not blame them—but he did blame the Socialism, Fourrierism and Communism that were so common there. The Radical party found that they had not social equality—and in talking with them, the lecturer had observed that social equality was impossible; and in reply to the question "Are we to be among these things in heaven?"—Dr. B. had replied "we have more people to associate with whom they like"—and this matter was illustrated by an anecdote of not schooling a negro to the dinner-table on board of a steamboat down-east. There were now in Switzerland demagogues at Lausanne, who preached up impractical, political and social doctrines; but the Swiss were soon recovering to organize a Republic like our own—on the plan of the United States—and it is like a new era with them. The lecturer again referred for a few minutes to Paris, to reply to some questions that had been put to him, and observed that the Palace of the Tuileries derived its name from rosin, (a tile) being on the site of an ancient tile manufactory. The large map was again consulted —and the places of all the recent revolutionary scenes pointed out.

As to Spain and Portugal, the two were as large as France, perhaps rather larger. These countries formed a peninsula—one of the three great peninsulas of Southern Europe, (—Italy, Turkey and Spain. The population of Spain is uncertain, but is probably between nineteen and twenty millions. It is one of the most beautiful countries in the world—and its average level the highest in Europe. The climate of Madrid is like that of the sea.

Taking away the mountains running east and west, we should have two large inclined planes sloping east and west—that of the west being by far the longest. The lecturer then gave the rivers described, and Dr. B. said that if all the mountains of Spain were taken away, the level of Spain would be still 2,000 feet above the sea. The height of Spain has a wonderful effect on the climate, which is not so warm as that of France—and the lecturer believed that every one hundred feet or height is equal to a degree of latitude, as near as relates to climate. For example, in this country, it was the two borders at Chesapeake Bay we shall find the harvest nearly over by July 1st—but if we go five weeks to the Tallies of Virginia 1,000 feet above the sea, we shall find the harvest but just beginning. This is just the case between Spain and the south of France—and also (for the proximity of the sea. The winters are cool, and the weather, except a few weeks, cool in Spain, comparatively speaking—and it is very healthy. On approaching Spain by ship, we are struck with the height of the rocky coast everywhere. The harbors are among the finest in Europe. The wind that blows from Africa, called the "Simoom," is sometimes troublesome in the middle of summer for a few days—but not long. The products are wheat, olives, oil, barley, Indian corn, rice, tobacco, oysters, prunes, and grapes. The finest sherry-wine is made at Xeres and its vicinity. A great business is carried on at Malaga in dried fruit. The pomegranate, prickly pear (somewhat resembling the fig,) and the aloe flourish in Spain. The cork tree is also a native—and the cork forest, fourteen miles from Gibraltar, is visited by strangers as an object of curiosity. The agriculture, however, is miserable—yet if Spain were cultivated as England, it would sustain an immense population. The ploughs and harrows are so antiquated, that our farmers would not accept them as a gift. In the country, people live in villages like the French. The houses are of stone, or else of mixture—for example, the people put a frame, the walls two feet apart, and then fill in with lime and mud. The manufactures are very few, were more needed is expected. The imports are very large—great amounts from England. The exports are of fruits, produce and wool —but not as large as they should be, were the country well governed and cultivated. The duties are enormous, and the commercial laws very bad in aspects. Spain is emphatically the country for smuggling, especially for fine cotton. Gibraltar being English, through a part of Spain geographically, people go there, hire a tollsman, fill her with British manufactures and at the evening sail land the goods on the coast during the night! Where the smugglers get early them inland. On going from Cadiz to Seville, a friend asked —"Who are those forbidding people on the road?" The reply was—if They are gipsies. They are a very tall, stout people, when they go up to Seville —but when they return, they are thin and looked savage." The truth is—they find smuggled goods round their persons. If better, they make way and pottery, as in the days of the Romans. The emigrating anyone that annually—what is said in Spain about $40 000,000—and in Portugal about $1,000,000—many go for such countries. Neither Spain nor Portugal had done much for education. The masses are nearly all ignorant. There are colleges, to be sure, which have produced many eminent men—and the Government is now making some efforts to think of education. The religion is entirely Catholic. At the American Embassy a Protestant minister preaches —there are three Protestant Chapels in Spain, and an English chapel at Oporto. In Portugal there is nothing to hinder a circulation of the Scriptures. Many influential Spaniards are anxious for the same advantages—but they are attached to the Catholic religion as being associated with their chivalry and patriotism. They fought for eight hundred years for their liberties and their religion, until they expelled the Moors—and they have ever had a horror of infidels and Jews. Travelling in Spain is not a very easy matter; and the manners are more Oriental than in any other country of Southern Europe. There are rarely any letters except in large towns, and they are not good. In the country they are written by scriveners—and in small hotels it is very hard to find a bed. Inland things are not dear, are exactly as in the days of Cervantes, and as described in Don Quixote.

Madrid is walled round, for the purpose only of compelling people to pass through the gates and pay duties, and is situated in a little river valley the Manzanares. The Valley, Prado (Promenade) Calle (or Street) Palacio, Observatory, Public Garden, the street called the Calle de Atocha, and gate called the Puerta del Sole, were all noticed—the Palace, Churches, Retreats of 18,000 soldiers, Royal Pre-seums, &c., were described—the Palace being one of the largest in Europe. On the whole, Madrid is a very interesting city. The Amphitheatre for bull-fights is the great national amusement of Spain, was a popular source of admission. It was strange that the Spaniards should be so fond of that cruel sport—and it is not so from that reason, but from the Romans. In fact it is a remnant of the Roman Amphitheatre—and that the lecturer went to a bull-fight—for everybody said— "If you do not see a bull-fight, you can form no idea of the Spanish character." Thereupon he was described in a vivid and spirited manner, for a bull-fight, fifteen horses are killed—the men nearly killed. Many ladies were present, who evinced as much interest in it, and more excitement in the bull, would cry out,—"Toro, toro!" or "Bravo, Toro!" (Brave Bull.) The sight was shocking—and the lecturer thought, as far as humanity was concerned, the bull was the best man there.

There is a great deal of honesty in the interior of Spain. In bringing a glass of water, the lecturer had often given a cent or two cents, and the water-carrier always insisted on returning to him two or three cents in change; and he (the lecturer) had often thought that there are many people in this country who would not have been honest. They are more than honest—and grave—not so proud of what they do as at what they do not do. The Lord Mayor's account of the Peninsular war, the English Parliament and Lord Wellington did everything, the Spaniards helped, but did little or nothing. In Portugal's (Spanish) account, on the contrary—until we believe it!—he never mentions the name of the Duke of Wellington once—notices the presence and not of the English army—but of course, the Spaniards gained all the victories. Journey a mule to be a national characteristic with the Spaniards, especially in relation to their women—but they are not more so than men ought to be. It is not difficult to get along with them. Gain their confidence and you have their friendship. They are firm and constant as friends, and dangerous as enemies. Had they our religion, government and education, they would be a great people. In noticing the customs, Dr. B. said that the shepherds of Spain used a cloak of sheep, of sheep in point of fact—a large circle with a hole in the centre, through which to put the head—and then the skirts hung over your person, effectually kept out the rain. The varied costumes of all classes—particularly the Andalusians—were beautifully described. The paintings hung around the walls—many of them being very picturesque. Of Scripture subjects and female family—male and male—were seen in abundance. He had observed each at a fair, in the town on the side of the river. There were more mounts a horse, with the mare behind him. She takes hold of his coat tail, her right hand, and with her left the seen a pocket-handkerchief as the troop of a soldier—and that they galloped at fast as the horse could lay legs to the ground. The mantilla, with its flowing drapery falling gracefully on either side of the person, was described; and also the use (mischievous one!) which Spaniards often make of the fan. In no country are women more respected. However late at night they might have been detained in company, or they were sure of meeting with no molestation. Their movements are graceful and grave, and they walk in such a way as to display to perfection the best use the toe—as an English officer said—of "very diminutive feet." In the evening, instead of "marching walk of a French lady," "but in wee mincings in the French, as he had seen a number of times in Broadway or Chesnut Street. The salutation of a gentleman to a female, was politeness—if Madam, I beg you never to forget that I have been honored by your acquaintance"—if to a friend, it is common to say:——Pray do not forget to remember me to Madam, your wife, &c. There were many languages spoken in the streets—the Castilian, the Catalan, and half a million of the aborigines of Spain, before the conquest by the Romans. The Basques were supposed to be descendants of Japhet, Noah's son, and the Celtiberians, of Shem, Noah's son. The Basques were the last conquered by the Romans, and to make it stay conquered. The lecturer believed that every one hundred feet or height is equal to a degree of latitude, as near as relates to climate. For example, in this country, it was the two borders at Chesapeake Bay we shall find the harvest nearly over by July 1st—but if we go five weeks to the Tallies of Virginia 1,000 feet above the sea, we shall find the harvest but just beginning. This is just the case between Spain and the south of France—and also (for the the proximity of the sea. The winters are cool, and the weather, except a few weeks, cool in Spain, comparatively speaking—and it is very healthy. On approaching Spain by ship, we are struck with the height of the rocky coast everywhere. The harbors are among the finest in Europe. The wind that blows from Africa, called the "Simoom," is sometimes troublesome in the middle of summer for a few days—but not long. The products are wheat, olives, oil, barley, Indian corn, rice, tobacco, oysters, prunes, and grapes. The finest sherry-wine is made at Xeres and its vicinity. A great business is carried on at Malaga in dried fruit. The pomegranate, prickly pear (somewhat resembling the fig,) and the aloe flourish in Spain. The cork tree is also a native—and the cork forest, fourteen miles from Gibraltar, is visited by strangers as an object of curiosity. The agriculture, however, is miserable—yet if Spain were cultivated as England, it would sustain an immense population. The ploughs and harrows are so antiquated, that our farmers would not accept them as a gift. In the country, people live in villages like the French. The houses are of stone, or else of mixture—for example, the people put a frame, the walls two feet apart, and then fill in with lime and mud. The manufactures are very few, were more needed is expected. The imports are very large—great amounts from England. The exports are of fruits, produce and wool —but not as large as they should be, were the country well governed and cultivated. The duties are enormous, and the commercial laws very bad in aspects. Spain is emphatically the country for smuggling, especially for fine cotton. Gibraltar being English, through a part of Spain geographically, people go there, hire a tollsman, fill her with British manufactures and at the evening sail land the goods on the coast during the night! Where the smugglers get early them inland. On going from Cadiz to Seville, a friend asked —"Who are those forbidding people on the road?" The reply was—if They are gipsies. They are a very tall, stout people, when they go up to Seville —but when they return, they are thin and looked savage." The truth is—they find smuggled goods round their persons. If better, they make way and pottery, as in the days of the Romans. The emigrating anyone that annually—what is said in Spain about $40 000,000—and in Portugal about $1,000,000—many go for such countries. Neither Spain nor Portugal had done much for education. The masses are nearly all ignorant. There are colleges, to be sure, which have produced many eminent men—and the Government is now making some efforts to think of education. The religion is entirely Catholic. At the American Embassy a Protestant minister preaches —there are three Protestant Chapels in Spain, and an English chapel at Oporto. In Portugal there is nothing to hinder a circulation of the Scriptures. Many influential Spaniards are anxious for the same advantages—but they are attached to the Catholic religion as being associated with their chivalry and patriotism. They fought for eight hundred years for their liberties and their religion, until they expelled the Moors—and they have ever had a horror of infidels and Jews. Travelling in Spain is not a very easy matter; and the manners are more Oriental than in any other country of Southern Europe. There are rarely any letters except in large towns, and they are not good. In the country they are written by scriveners—and in small hotels it is very hard to find a bed. Inland things are not dear, are exactly as in the days of Cervantes, and as described in Don Quixote.

Madrid is walled round, for the purpose only of compelling people to pass through the gates and pay duties, and is situated in a little river valley the Manzanares. The Valley, Prado (Promenade) Calle (or Street) Palacio, Observatory, Public Garden, the street called the Calle de Atocha, and gate called the Puerta del Sole, were all noticed—the Palace, Churches, Retreats of 18,000 soldiers, Royal Pre-seums, &c., were described—the Palace being one of the largest in Europe. On the whole, Madrid is a very interesting city. The Amphitheatre for bull-fights is the great national amusement of Spain, was a popular source of admission. It was strange that the Spaniards should be so fond of that cruel sport—and it is not so from that reason, but from the Romans. In fact it is a remnant of the Roman Amphitheatre—and that the lecturer went to a bull-fight—for everybody said— "If you do not see a bull-fight, you can form no idea of the Spanish character." Thereupon he was described in a vivid and spirited manner, for a bull-fight, fifteen horses are killed—the men nearly killed. Many ladies were present, who evinced as much interest in it, and more excitement in the bull, would cry out,—"Toro, toro!" or "Bravo, Toro!" (Brave Bull.) The sight was shocking—and the lecturer thought, as far as humanity was concerned, the bull was the best man there.

There is a great deal of honesty in the interior of Spain. In bringing a glass of water, the lecturer had often given a cent or two cents, and the water-carrier always insisted on returning to him two or three cents in change; and he (the lecturer) had often thought that there are many people in this country who would not have been honest. They are more than honest—and grave—not so proud of what they do as at what they do not do. The Lord Mayor's account of the Peninsular war, the English Parliament and Lord Wellington did everything, the Spaniards helped, but did little or nothing. In Portugal's (Spanish) account, on the contrary—until we believe it!—he never mentions the name of the Duke of Wellington once—notices the presence and not of the English army—but of course, the Spaniards gained all the victories. Journey a mule to be a national characteristic with the Spaniards, especially in relation to their women—but they are not more so than men ought to be.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE ENTIRELY FOR THE POST, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to their friends, and use every unexceptionable person who will be willing to do so. We think there could be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, must find it both in point of matter the best one the too—at as English office—and cheap. Very different from the general search of an English lady," or the "mincing walk of a French lady." But in wee mincings in the French, as he had seen a number of times in Broadway or Chesnut Street. The salutation of a gentleman to a female, was politeness—if Madam, I beg you never to forget that I have been honored by your acquaintance"—if to a friend, it is common to say:——Pray do not forget to remember me to Madam, your wife, &c. There were many languages spoken in the streets—the Castilian, the Catalan, and half a million of the aborigines of Spain, before the conquest by the Romans. The Basques were supposed to be descendants of Japhet, Noah's son, and the Celtiberians, of Shem, Noah's son. The Basques were the last conquered by the Romans, and to make it stay conquered. The lecturer believed that every one hundred feet or height is equal to a degree of latitude, as near as relates to climate. For example, in this country, it was the two borders at Chesapeake Bay we shall find the harvest nearly over by July 1st—but if we go five weeks to the Tallies of Virginia 1,000 feet above the sea, we shall find the harvest but just beginning. This is just the case between Spain and the south of France—and also (for the the proximity of the sea. The winters are cool, and the weather, except a few weeks, cool in Spain, comparatively speaking—and it is very healthy. On approaching Spain by ship, we are struck with the height of the rocky coast everywhere. The harbors are among the finest in Europe. The wind that blows from Africa, called the "Simoom," is sometimes troublesome in the middle of summer for a few days—but not long. The products are wheat, olives, oil, barley, Indian corn, rice, tobacco, oysters, prunes, and grapes. The finest sherry-wine is made at Xeres and its vicinity. A great business is carried on at Malaga in dried fruit. The pomegranate, prickly pear (somewhat resembling the fig,) and the aloe flourish in Spain. The cork tree is also a native—and the cork forest, fourteen miles from Gibraltar, is visited by strangers as an object of curiosity. The agriculture, however, is miserable—yet if Spain were cultivated as England, it would sustain an immense population. The ploughs and harrows are so antiquated, that our farmers would not accept them as a gift. In the country, people live in villages like the French. The houses are of stone, or else of mixture—for example, the people put a frame, the walls two feet apart, and then fill in with lime and mud. The manufactures are very few, were more needed is expected. The imports are very large—great amounts from England. The exports are of fruits, produce and wool —but not as large as they should be, were the country well governed and cultivated. The duties are enormous, and the commercial laws very bad in aspects. Spain is emphatically the country for smuggling, especially for fine cotton. Gibraltar being English, through a part of Spain geographically, people go there, hire a tollsman, fill her with British manufactures and at the evening sail land the goods on the coast during the night! Where the smugglers get early them inland. On going from Cadiz to Seville, a friend asked —"Who are those forbidding people on the road?" The reply was—if They are gipsies. They are a very tall, stout people, when they go up to Seville —but when they return, they are thin and looked savage." The truth is—they find smuggled goods round their persons. If better, they make way and pottery, as in the days of the Romans. The emigrating anyone that annually—what is said in Spain about $40 000,000—and in Portugal about $1,000,000—many go for such countries. Neither Spain nor Portugal had done much for education. The masses are nearly all ignorant. There are colleges, to be sure, which have produced many eminent men—and the Government is now making some efforts to think of education. The religion is entirely Catholic. At the American Embassy a Protestant minister preaches —there are three Protestant Chapels in Spain, and an English chapel at Oporto. In Portugal there is nothing to hinder a circulation of the Scriptures. Many influential Spaniards are anxious for the same advantages—but they are attached to the Catholic religion as being associated with their chivalry and patriotism. They fought for eight hundred years for their liberties and their religion, until they expelled the Moors—and they have ever had a horror of infidels and Jews. Travelling in Spain is not a very easy matter; and the manners are more Oriental than in any other country of Southern Europe. There are rarely any letters except in large towns, and they are not good. In the country they are written by scriveners—and in small hotels it is very hard to find a bed. Inland things are not dear, are exactly as in the days of Cervantes, and as described in Don Quixote.

Madrid is walled round, for the purpose only of compelling people to pass through the gates and pay duties, and is situated in a little river valley the Manzanares. The Valley, Prado (Promenade) Calle (or Street) Palacio, Observatory, Public Garden, the street called the Calle de Atocha, and gate called the Puerta del Sole, were all noticed—the Palace, Churches, Retreats of 18,000 soldiers, Royal Pre-seums, &c., were described—the Palace being one of the largest in Europe. On the whole, Madrid is a very interesting city. The Amphitheatre for bull-fights is the great national amusement of Spain, was a popular source of admission. It was strange that the Spaniards should be so fond of that cruel sport—and it is not so from that reason, but from the Romans. In fact it is a remnant of the Roman Amphitheatre—and that the lecturer went to a bull-fight—for everybody said— "If you do not see a bull-fight, you can form no idea of the Spanish character." Thereupon he was described in a vivid and spirited manner, for a bull-fight, fifteen horses are killed—the men nearly killed. Many ladies were present, who evinced as much interest in it, and more excitement in the bull, would cry out,—"Toro, toro!" or "Bravo, Toro!" (Brave Bull.) The sight was shocking—and the lecturer thought, as far as humanity was concerned, the bull was the best man there.

There is a great deal of honesty in the interior of Spain. In bringing a glass of water, the lecturer had often given a cent or two cents, and the water-carrier always insisted on returning to him two or three cents in change; and he (the lecturer) had often thought that there are many people in this country who would not have been honest. They are more than honest—and grave—not so proud of what they do as at what they do not do. The Lord Mayor's account of the Peninsular war, the English Parliament and Lord Wellington did everything, the Spaniards helped, but did little or nothing. In Portugal's (Spanish) account, on the contrary—until we believe it!—he never mentions the name of the Duke of Wellington once—notices the presence and not of the English army—but of course, the Spaniards gained all the victories. Journey a mule to be a national characteristic with the Spaniards, especially in relation to their women—but they are not more so than men ought to be.

Varieties.

LAYARD'S NINEVEH.

The welcome of Mr. Layard, the discoverer of his researches and excavations among the ruins of Nineveh, was among the most brilliant and enthusiastic that ever greeted a literary man. He was received in the "sanctum sanctorum" of the Royal Academy, the "holy of holies" of the "worship of taste," with the full pomp and circumstance of the aborigines of Spain, before the conquest by the Romans. The Basques were supposed to be descendants of Japhet, Noah's son, and the Celtiberians, of Shem, Noah's son. The Basques were the last conquered by the Romans, and to make it stay conquered. The lecturer believed that every one hundred feet or height is equal to a degree of latitude, as near as relates to climate. For example, in this country, it was the two borders at Chesapeake Bay we shall find the harvest nearly over by July 1st—but if we go five weeks to the Tallies of Virginia 1,000 feet above the sea, we shall find the harvest but just beginning. This is just the case between Spain and the south of France—and also (for the the proximity of the sea. The winters are cool, and the weather, except a few weeks, cool in Spain, comparatively speaking—and it is very healthy. On approaching Spain by ship, we are struck with the height of the rocky coast everywhere. The harbors are among the finest in Europe. The wind that blows from Africa, called the "Simoom," is sometimes troublesome in the middle of summer for a few days—but not long. The products are wheat, olives, oil, barley, Indian corn, rice, tobacco, oysters, prunes, and grapes. The finest sherry-wine is made at Xeres and its vicinity. A great business is carried on at Malaga in dried fruit. The pomegranate, prickly pear (somewhat resembling the fig,) and the aloe flourish in Spain. The cork tree is also a native—and the cork forest, fourteen miles from Gibraltar, is visited by strangers as an object of curiosity. The agriculture, however, is miserable—yet if Spain were cultivated as England, it would sustain an immense population. The ploughs and harrows are so antiquated, that our farmers would not accept them as a gift. In the country, people live in villages like the French. The houses are of stone, or else of mixture—for example, the people put a frame, the walls two feet apart, and then fill in with lime and mud. The manufactures are very few, were more needed is expected. The imports are very large—great amounts from England. The exports are of fruits, produce and wool —but not as large as they should be, were the country well governed and cultivated. The duties are enormous, and the commercial laws very bad in aspects. Spain is emphatically the country for smuggling, especially for fine cotton. Gibraltar being English, through a part of Spain geographically, people go there, hire a tollsman, fill her with British manufactures and at the evening sail land the goods on the coast during the night! Where the smugglers get early them inland. On going from Cadiz to Seville, a friend asked —"Who are those forbidding people on the road?" The reply was—if They are gipsies. They are a very tall, stout people, when they go up to Seville —but when they return, they are thin and looked savage." The truth is—they find smuggled goods round their persons. If better, they make way and pottery, as in the days of the Romans. The emigrating anyone that annually—what is said in Spain about $40 000,000—and in Portugal about $1,000,000—many go for such countries. Neither Spain nor Portugal had done much for education. The masses are nearly all ignorant. There are colleges, to be sure, which have produced many eminent men—and the Government is now making some efforts to think of education. The religion is entirely Catholic. At the American Embassy a Protestant minister preaches —there are three Protestant Chapels in Spain, and an English chapel at Oporto. In Portugal there is nothing to hinder a circulation of the Scriptures. Many influential Spaniards are anxious for the same advantages—but they are attached to the Catholic religion as being associated with their chivalry and patriotism. They fought for eight hundred years for their liberties and their religion, until they expelled the Moors—and they have ever had a horror of infidels and Jews. Travelling in Spain is not a very easy matter; and the manners are more Oriental than in any other country of Southern Europe. There are rarely any letters except in large towns, and they are not good. In the country they are written by scriveners—and in small hotels it is very hard to find a bed. Inland things are not dear, are exactly as in the days of Cervantes, and as described in Don Quixote.

Madrid is walled round, for the purpose only of compelling people to pass through the gates and pay duties, and is situated in a little river valley the Manzanares. The Valley, Prado (Promenade) Calle (or Street) Palacio, Observatory, Public Garden, the street called the Calle de Atocha, and gate called the Puerta del Sole, were all noticed—the Palace, Churches, Retreats of 18,000 soldiers, Royal Pre-seums, &c., were described—the Palace being one of the largest in Europe. On the whole, Madrid is a very interesting city. The Amphitheatre for bull-fights is the great national amusement of Spain, was a popular source of admission. It was strange that the Spaniards should be so fond of that cruel sport—and it is not so from that reason, but from the Romans. In fact it is a remnant of the Roman Amphitheatre—and that the lecturer went to a bull-fight—for everybody said— "If you do not see a bull-fight, you can form no idea of the Spanish character." Thereupon he was described in a vivid and spirited manner, for a bull-fight, fifteen horses are killed—the men nearly killed. Many ladies were present, who evinced as much interest in it, and more excitement in the bull, would cry out,—"Toro, toro!" or "Bravo, Toro!" (Brave Bull.) The sight was shocking—and the lecturer thought, as far as humanity was concerned, the bull was the best man there.

There is a great deal of honesty in the interior of Spain. In bringing a glass of water, the lecturer had often given a cent or two cents, and the water-carrier always insisted on returning to him two or three cents in change; and he (the lecturer) had often thought that there are many people in this country who would not have been honest. They are more than honest—and grave—not so proud of what they do as at what they do not do. The Lord Mayor's account of the Peninsular war, the English Parliament and Lord Wellington did everything, the Spaniards helped, but did little or nothing. In Portugal's (Spanish) account, on the contrary—until we believe it!—he never mentions the name of the Duke of Wellington once—notices the presence and not of the English army—but of course, the Spaniards gained all the victories. Journey a mule to be a national characteristic with the Spaniards, especially in relation to their women—but they are not more so than men ought to be.

PAYMENT OF DOMESTICS.

It is not generally known that it is necessary to have a written agreement with a servant for a larger period. A woman who had served in a family for a year, and had received her wages, returned $100 from the executors of his estate, for her services. It was urged for the defence that she had left of her own accord, and that no one had in the family at any years without being paid regularly. As there was no proof of an agreement, the jury gave a verdict in her favor.

Many persons keep an account with their servants, and charge them with the amount if wages or clothes be wanting. This is a good practice, and should be extended. This is a case-in-point, which occurred in the city of Lexington, in which a claim was made by a domestic for wages, after she had received her full back wages. The gentleman had his account, which was ready to refute it, but being upon the witness stand, he was asked if he had not given her clothes, to the amount of the claim? Answering in the affirmative, he was asked if he had not taken receipts for them? Answering in the negative, he was told that he must pay the claim, which he did.

THE RAILWAY KING.

Hudson, the "Railway King," is now a man of his fortune, among with various other monarchs, during the past year. The immediate cause of this, was the discovery that the company of which he was President, which had been declaring dividends out of its capital as well as its profits, had been systematically cooking the "books" so as to make their business look as good as possible. The greater importer than Joe Smith, the Mormon. For a while everything Hudson touched turned to gold. He was a member of Parliament, and was declared member of Parliament, and was declared the richest commoner in England. He was a man who the Germans was; where was he in the Spanish? Why, he was at home, and in his sanctum, and he could not be found. Then the Germans were puzzled, and they could not find him. Then the Germans were puzzled, and they could not find him. Then the Germans were puzzled, and they could not find him

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

A very destructive fire broke out in St. Louis, early in the morning of the 18th, spreading with great rapidity along the river front, and destroying five banking buildings, all the insurance offices, various newspaper offices, the greater portion of the business houses, and the following steamboats: White Cloud, Edward Bates, Bell Isle, Taglioni, Boreas, No. 3, Agrypeas, Eagle, Sarah, Kit Carson, Montauk, Timour, Acadia, Mameluke, Prairie State, Eudora, St. Peter, Red Wing, Alexander Hamilton, Martha, Eliza Stewart, Mandan, Gen. Brooke and Frolic. A number of barges and woodboats were also burned.

The loss is estimated at five millions of dollars—the vaults of the banking houses are supposed to be secure.

One account says that the fire originated in a steamboat, but another says in the neighborhood of the Telegraph office.

The burnt district extends from Locust Street for three-quarters of a mile down the Levee, reaching back as far as Second Street. Within these bounds nearly every building is in ruins.

Much sympathy will be felt for the sufferers by this conflagration throughout the Union, and, if found to be necessary, that sympathy will doubtless manifest itself in a substantial manner. Convinced we are that Philadelphia will do whatever right feeling demands of her under the circumstances.

OVERFLOW AT NEW ORLEANS

The city of New Orleans is in danger of inundation from various crevasses in the Levee. Although six hundred men are employed endeavoring to stop up the principal gap, the prospect is very discouraging.

The whole of the Faubourg St. Mary is partially inundated. Nothing can equal the consternation visible among the inhabitants in the leading streets in that quarter. In Tchoupitoulas, Magazine and Camp streets, the inhabitants are moving off in a body, and, with a few exceptions, scarcely attempting to save their property. The whole scene is represented as being awful and sublime in the extreme. The roar of the water can be heard for miles. In the first and third municipalities, the greatest alarm prevails, as it is feared that the whole city will be inundated. Some idea may be formed of the immense loss thus far sustained, from the fact that 2,500 hogsheads of sugar have been destroyed.

The crevasse below the city, at the English Turn, also threatens to overflow the Third Municipality. Three hundred men are stationed there, and are doing their utmost to prevent the threatened evil.

FOUR CHILDREN.

A Mrs. Moore, of this city, in the course of one day last week, was delivered of four children, all boys—all of whom are living, and fine, hearty children, with the exception of one who died shortly after birth. The husband is, as was to have been expected, a very poor man. The mother, though but about twenty nine years of age, had previously been the mother of six children by her former husband, a Mr. Bell. At her first confinement she was delivered of twins, a boy and a girl, the former of whom is still living, aged eight years. The second time she had a single girl, who is also living. At the third birth she had two boys and a girl, of which only the latter now survives, and is five years old. She was married to her first husband about ten years since. Her present husband is but twenty-one years of age. *His politics are not mentioned.*

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

The public are aware that P. T. Barnum, proprietor of the famous American Museum in New York, is preparing to open a somewhat similar establishment in this city, at the corner of Seventh and Chesnut Streets. We understand it is to be opened on the 28th. We warn Mr. Barnum that the Philadelphia public expect great things of him. Nothing short of a real live mermaid in the way of natural curiosities, and a terrific exhibition of some kind in the general show line, will satisfy us.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 143—adults 70, and children 73.

The Gold Region.

CALIFORNIA.

The following is a summary of late news by various arrivals from California. The accounts of the richness of the placers are as extraordinary as ...

[...]

The activity in this port is extraordinary, and the circulation of money prodigious. Everything is high in price—more particularly manual labor and the transit of goods. The freight of a barge from here to the landing place at Santa Clara (three leagues from San Jose) is from $100 to $500. Here wretched hacks of horses sell for $50; in San Jose, $100. Food for one man is $5 a day.

From San Francisco to San Jose, by land, it is 20 leagues; thence to the quicksilver mines, now working by Mr. Forbes, is 4 leagues, and to the placer 60 leagues more.

Several meetings had been held in San Francisco for the purpose of opposing the introduction of slavery into the country, with a view to put to greater profit the labor of the Indians.

Religious News.

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

The Annual Meeting of this Association was held in this city last week. From the 35th Annual Report we take the following items:

The receipts of the year ending March 31, 1849, have been $105,256 29, and the expenditures $101,121 62;—leaving a balance in favor of the Treasury of $4,404 47, with which liabilities existing at the beginning of the year have been reduced to $24,891 06. Of the receipts $7,500 were grants from the American and Foreign Bible Society, for Bible translation, printing, and distribution in Asia and Europe; $2,000 from the American Tract Society, for Tracts in Europe and Asia; and $4,000 from the United States Government, for civilization of Indians of North America. Additions to the above $5,000 have been received as a thank offering from two individuals, and constituting a special fund to be applied to promoting the preaching of the gospel among the Karens.

The whole number of members by the payment of $100 each, is 1,932; of which 1,388 were made such by churches and other religious bodies, and 526 by their own or the contributions of personal friends. With this increase of members, there has been an increase of donations and legacies in each of the last three years, equal to nearly $5,000 for the whole time. In the same period the annual expenditures have been met by the receipts, and liabilities reduced about $10,000.

Six peachers and 5 female assistants have joined the missions within the year, Mr. and Mrs. Jewett the Teloogoo, Mr. C. C. and Mrs. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Van Meter the Arracan, Burman and Karan, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin the Tavoy, Mr. Smith the Siam, Mr. A. J. Bingham the Ojibwa, and Mrs. E. E. Devan the French Mission.

The number of missions is 17, consisting of the Maulmain Burman, Maulmein Karen, Tavoy, Arracan, Siam, China, Assam, Teloogoos, Bassas, France, Germany, Greece, Ojibwas, Michigan, Tuscaroras in New York, Shawanoe and Cherokee—of stations and out stations 198, missionaries and assistants 109; with 194 native preachers and assistants—whole number of laborers 303. Six missionaries and five female assistants have been sent to the missions, one missionary and two female assistants have died. The number of churches is 118, with more than 11,500 members, and of schools 50, with 1,500 pupils. The additions to the churches by baptism, so far as reported, have been 2,000—in Asia 1,500, in Africa 9, in Europe 247, and in the Indian Missions 144.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The 12th Anniversary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, was celebrated on Sunday evening week at New York. The Annual Report was read by the Reverend John C. Lowery, and it stated that the receipts during the past year were $110,081 04. The expenses were $110,207 34—a trifle beyond the income. The publications during the year have been 8,159 copies of the "Missionary Chronicle," in newspaper and pamphlet editions;—of the "Foreign Missionary" 14,750;—of the Annual Report of 1848, 7,850;—of "Letters to Children," 6,000; of "Letters to Sabbath Schools," 6,000 copies.

During the year twenty-one new Missionaries have been sent out by the Board, of which five were ordained ministers, two licentiate preachers, one physician, one superintendent of the printing press in China, two male and two female teachers, and eight the wives of Missionaries.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church met in this city last week. Upon looking over the proceedings, we find nothing of sufficient general interest to extract for our columns. The proceedings were very harmonious. The claim of colored churches to be represented in the Convention, was referred to a special committee of five, with instructions to report to the next Convention.

NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, (New School,) is now in session in this ...

[...]

THE SNAKE GRASS.

A British sportsman tells the following ludicrous tale of his first experience in gunning in this country. He had hired a black Apollo to show him where to find woodcock:

On entering the covert, I soon found the use of Apollo's thin jacket. Never, in all my experience, had I seen anything to equal the denseness of this thicket, or the size and sharpness of the thorns. My gauze like coat was soon in ribbons, my eyes nearly blinded, and my face in streams of blood. This, added to the almost overpowering heat, made my position anything but agreeable, particularly as we had not as yet seen a single cock in near half an hour's beat.

Apollo glided about, peering into the trees in a most extraordinary manner, as I thought; and I was upon the point of asking him if we could not find some more open spot, when I found something strike me on the face. Almost blinded by the blow, I put up my hand; a cry of horror escaped me; I found I had grasped the cold coils of an enormous black snake, which was hanging from a tree over my head.

Apollo looked round, gave a low chuckle, and was proceeding onward, when I called on him for mercy's sake to stop.

"Ya! ya! ya!" laughed the old wretch; "him only poor black snake."

"*Only* black snake!" said I, my flesh creeping with horror; "I did not know there were any snakes in this part of the country."

"No snakee, massa! Why, um chock full of snakee, dis swamp; im full of copper heads. We nebber come into swamp widout de tick boots, cause if copper bite um, im dead man, sar. Dere, massa, look under dat shumac bush, just by you poot; dare one tundering big chap."

Nearly deprived of motion by fear, I saw close to my foot the venomous reptile.

"Let us leave this dreadful place, Apollo," said I.

"What, before we find de woodcock, sar?"

"Confound the woodcock!" said I, now losing all patience, and determined, if possible, to put an end to my disagreeable situation.

As soon as we got out of the woods, I dismissed my guide, and with my dogs, undertook to beat some open fields, in which I soon found plenty of quail.

The fields being fresh mown there was no lay for the birds, but to my satisfaction I saw that the quail mostly flew to a piece of long grass in the meadows which was left unmowned. Having accomplished my undertaking, I entered the grass, which was thick and up to my waist. Quail after quail arose, and as often fell to my gun, and I became so elated with my success that all thought of pain, fatigue, black-snake, or copper-head was gone; and though I did now and then hear a rustling in the grass which made me start, when I picked up a shot bird, I was much too delighted to heed such trifles. My pockets were getting heavy, and I was in the centre of the grass when I heard a shout from a hill at some distance, and looking up saw a person, who, by his gesture, appeared to be in the highest state of excitement.

Now I had hitherto always found it to be the best practice, when challenged afar off by enraged farmers or their servants as a trespasser, to be both blind and deaf until the persecutors approach, during which time one may either make off or feign ignorance of any improper intentions. The sport at this time was too good, and cost too much labor, to be easily given up; and although I heard the farmer bellowing at the top of his voice, and saw him running as fast as his legs could carry him, I still continued shooting. At last he was near enough to make himself heard.

"Halloa! there, you tarnation fool! come out of that *long grass*."

"Oh, yes," thought I, "seed ground very likely; but hie on good dogs, we may get a brace of birds before his short legs can reach us."

"Come out of that *long grass*!" again rang in my ears.

"Not till I can't help it, my lad," thinks I. "Hie on there; we have a dozen bevies if we have one in this piece of stuff yet."

"Oh! you cantankerous varment! Come out of that *long grass*!"

The enemy is close upon us. One shot more, and then to close quarters.

"By the eternal! be you mad, or be you deaf?" cried the man, now at the edge of the grass, and in an agony of excitement; "due you wish to be a dead man? Come out of that *long grass*, I say."

His last words, spoken with great vehemence, made me pause; steel traps and spring-guns came into my thoughts.

"Come out! come out of that *long grass*, or by the eternal you're a gone sucker. Almighty smash, don't you know that is my *snake grass*?—Come out, you tarnation fool."

"Snake grass," said I, in a low tone, raising myself on tip toe, and standing on the very smallest space of ground. "Snake grass, sir; what's snake grass?"

"Come out, I say, and if you get away without death in your carcase—which, by the immortal pumpkin, I rather guess you never will—I'll tell you what snake grass is."

[...]

General News.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS.

The following is a list of the receipts of the various Societies, the Anniversaries of which were celebrated in New York within the last few weeks:

	Receipts	Ex.
Am. Tract Society,	$258,449	$258,463
Am. Bible do.	251,870	
Am. and Foreign do.	39,840	38,311
Am. Home Mission	145,925	143,771
Am. Baptist do.	29,105	25,180
Pres. B. For. Missions	110,081	110,207
Meth. Epis. Mission Soc.	84,045	102,940
Am. Seamen's Friend Soc.	18,582	18,497
Am. Anti Slavery Soc.	6,992	6,975
Am. and Foreign do. (not reported)		
Am. Colonization Soc.	36,000	37,000
N. Y. State do.	12,358	12,358
Am. and Foreign Evang. Soc.	24,298	25,484
Am. Prot. Soc.	18,411	18,212
Am. Temp. Union	1,353	
Society for ameliorating the condition of the Jews	3,221	3,208
	$1,040,518	

CANADA.

In a recent debate in the Canadian Assembly, Col. Gugy stated that if the Queen gave her assent to the rebellion losses bill, it would absolve every British inhabitant of the colony from the oath of allegiance.

Solicitor General Blake replying, called on the Speaker of the House to mark the words of members of the Tory side. He did not mention names, but there were some who might be obliged to answer in a criminal dock for having by telegraph inquired how many thousand men could be brought from parts of Upper Canada.

FROM THE PLAINS.

The U. S. dragoons have had two or three battles with the Apache and Eutaw Indians, near Taos, New Mexico. The first occurred on the 1st of March, in which two dragoons and eight Indians were killed. Afterwards, in another conflict, there were twenty Indians killed. The Indians are stated to have been the aggressors.

A battle between the Apaches and Eutaws is also reported to have taken place, and forty of the Apaches killed.

CHOLERA PRESCRIPTION.—We have been requested to make public the following prescription, as a mixture, which will arrest the severest pain and diarrhœa. This has been furnished by one of our citizens, who assures us that it has been tried in many of the most severe attacks and uniformly afforded immediate relief. We have been informed by a physician in extensive practice, that this prescription is an excellent one. We, under these circumstances, comply with the request for publication:

¼ ounce of pulverized gum guiacum.
¼ ounce of ground cloves.
¼ ounce of ground cinnamon.
1 pint of best brandy.

Dose, from tea to table spoonfull, each half hour, till arrested.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE PINE TREE INSECT.—We have already mentioned that the insect which proved so destructive to the pine forests of North Carolina last year, has again made its appearance. The Chronicle says:

"We have recently, to our very great gratification, been informed that the snow of the middle of last month had the effect, as is supposed, of checking the evil in a great degree, and, in conjunction with another cause, will, it is generally supposed, arrest it altogether. This other cause is the appearance, in immense swarms, of a large fly, which attacks and kills the tree insect. This may seem a strange statement, but it is, as we are assured by men of veracity, strictly true."

THE WASHINGTON SLAVE TRIALS.—In the Criminal Court at Washington, the case of the United States vs. Daniel Drayton, which commenced last Saturday, was submitted to the jury on Thursday. The jury, under the instruction of the Court, found the prisoner not guilty of stealing the two slaves belonging to Andrew Hoover.

Finding that they could not convict him on a charge of larceny, the Attorney General entered a nolle prosequi on thirty one of the other indictments. A jury was empannelled to try him and Sears for transporting the slaves, and they were both convicted and sentenced—Drayton to a fine of $140 on each negro, amounting to $10,360, and Sears to $7,500.

[...]

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

At the grand and brilliant ball given by Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris in the year 1810, in celebration of the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa, at which the Emperor and many illustrious persons were present, it is well known that a most destructive fire broke out in one of the temporary buildings erected for the occasion, by which the young and beautiful hostess and several other persons were burnt to death, and many seriously injured. One of the visiters at this ball, was the then Dowager Duchess of Savoy-Carignan, mother of Charles Albert, Ex King of Sardinia. This lady, prevented by the great confusion from getting out in time, found herself in one of the saloons burning on all sides. When in this most perilous situation, and almost suffocated, she was accidentally discovered by her courier, who resolutely rushed through the flames into the room, took his mistress in his arms, and jumped from a window on the floor to the ground. By this heroic conduct he broke both his legs, but the Duchess was unhurt. Her life having been thus miraculously saved through the courage of her courier, she, of course, paid him all possible care and attention during his illness; and when he had recovered from his accident, she married him. He received afterward, from some Italian Prince, the title of Count Montelart; and ever since they have been living together, but not very happily, in various parts of the continent, and are now in Paris.

☞ The export of tea to the United States from China, from January 1st to the 18th of February, 1849, was 6,137,400 pounds, of which quantity 1,521,000 pounds were black, and 4,615,400 were green. Of the green tea, 3,022,000 pounds were Young Hyson.

☞ In Great Britain, every 50th person is a drunkard. Every 280th a prisoner, every 700th a lunatic.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
May 13,	61	64	60
14,	59	60	60
15,	53	64	70
16,	56	66	72
17,	58	71	70
18	59	72	77
19,	60	73	79

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week, were 700 head, of which 330 were sold here, and 470 driven to New York. The prices of Beeves range from $8.50 to 9.50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were 500 in the market, and all sold at $5 to 5.50 per 100 lbs. Cows are selling as follows: $15 to 40 for fresh, $15 to 20 for springers, $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4. The latter from $1 to 3.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 19.

The demand for Flour has been active to-day, and the market is steady. There were large sales of fine Flour, included in the operations, which was for export. Sales reach 14,000 bbls at $4 ... for the whole range ...

[...]

ALMANAC.

May, 1849.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
26 Saturday,	4 44	7 16	6 16	D. H. M.
27 Sunday,	4 43	7 17	7 19	
28 Monday,	4 43	7 17	8 1	
29 Tuesday,	4 42	7 18	8 49	
30 Wednesday,	4 41	7 19	9 35	Full 7 2 8
31 Thursday,	4 41	7 19	10 19	Last 15 5 33
1 Friday,	4 40	7 21	12 2	New 22 2 30
2 Saturday,	4 40	7 20	11 45	First 28 6 25

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Albert K. Wellington, R. S. James, Henry Platt, and E. A. Evans.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, W. Ramsey and Perrin Locke.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

R. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and Canadas.

GEO. H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of
JAMES A. GILBERT & Co., Publishers, &c. No. 40 Ann Street, New York City.
HOTCHKISS & CO., Boston, Mass.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Alabama.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.
Of M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa.
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.
Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Of S. W. PEASE & Co., No. 24 5th street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. W. RANDOLPH & Co., Richmond, Va.
W. ADAM, Washington, D. C.
Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 12th to the 18th May.

May 12, received from

[...]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$2,00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1,50
For one square, 6 months,	$20,00
For one square, a year,	$40,00

Payment is required in advance.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA, IN QUART BOTTLES FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be removed by this Preparation.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers, loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretive organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the rack of disease, and now, with regenerated constitutions, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following certificate from Col. Saml. G. Taylor, a gentleman of high standing and extensive acquaintance through the Southern States, and lately appointed Consul to New Granada, commends itself to the attention of all.

NEW YORK, January 7, 1849.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS: Gentlemen.—Having used, and witnessed the effects of your excellent preparation of Sarsaparilla on different persons in various ...

[...]

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

CONTAINING MORE LITERARY AND NEWS MATTER THAN ANY OTHER TWO DOLLAR PAPER IN PHILADELPHIA—AND FROM ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE GENERALITY OF CITY WEEKLIES.

TERMS.

The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance.—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$5.00	"
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book or Sartain's Union Magazine for SIX DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. (When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid.*

N. B.—No deviation from the regular terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, we *shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

NOTICES FROM RELIGIOUS PAPERS,
OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

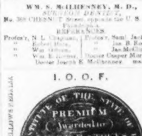
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The March number of this superb monthly is now before us. As a literary work for the ladies, we are sure we cannot speak too highly in its praise. Godey, assisted by the matchless Grace Greenwood, and a host of other inimitable writers of the present age, has done more, we firmly believe, than any other monthly periodical or magazine pub...

[...]

STORRS' CHEMICAL

HAIR INVIGORATOR.

[...]



[...]

Selected Poetry.

DESCRIPTION OF MRS. NORTON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The Countess Pasthleu's gay rooms were full,
Not crowded. It was neither rout nor ball—
Only "her Friday night." The air was cool;
And there were people in the house of all
Varieties, except the pure John Bull.
The number of young ladies, too, was small—
You seldom find *old* John, or his young daughters,
Swimming in very literary waters.

Indeed, with rare exceptions, women given
To the society of famous men,
Are those who will confess to twenty-seven;
But add to this the next reluctant ten,
And still they're fit to make a poet's heaven,
For sumptuously beautiful is then
The woman of proud mein and thoughtful brow;
And one (still bright in her meridian now)

Bent upon Jules, that night, her lustrous eye.
A creature of a loftier mould was she
Than in his dreams had ever glided by;
And through his veins the blood flew startlingly,
And he felt sick at heart—he knew not why—
For 't is the sadness of the lost to see
Angels look on us with a cold regard,
(Not knowing those who never left their card.)

She had a low, sweet brow, with fringéd lashes
Of an unfathom'd darkness couch'd below;
And parted on that brow in jetty flakes
The raven hair swept back with wavy flow,
Rounding a head of such a shape as makes
The old Greek marble with the goddess glow.
Her nostril's breathing arch might threaten storm—
But love lay in her lips, all hushed and warm.

And small teeth, glittering white, and cheek whose red
Seem'd Passion, there asleep, in rosy nest:
And neck set on as if to bear a head—
May be a lily, may be Juno's crest—
So lightly sprang it from its snow-white bed!
So proudly rode above the swelling breast!
And motion, effortless as stars awaking
And melting out, at eve, and morning's breaking;

And voice delicious quite, and smile that came
Slow to the lips, as 'twere the heart smiled thro':—
These charms I've been particular to name,
For they are, like an inventory, true,
And of themselves were stuff enough for fame;
But she, so wondrous fair, has genius too,
And brilliantly her thread of life is spun—
In verse and beauty both, the "Undying One!"

Selected Sketch.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago, I happened to be one of the referees in a case that excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a merchant ship which traded principally with the West Indies, had married quite early, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more to the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of the children, and the hopes of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received from the absent husband, and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the ocean waves.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her afflictions, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was the only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late, for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on an humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and, pleased with her gentle manners no less than with her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance into friendship.

After some months, he offered his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage which wealth and affection could procure.

Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every article of comfort requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had hardly quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of over thirty years, during which no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he went.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargoes, having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards the family, no one could tell, and he refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture, rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motive for his conduct, he was any thing but indifferent to his family when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage, and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims.

He had returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband; assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws, was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was upon a bright and beautiful afternoon in Spring, when we met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant, while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the pleasant and soft countenance of his adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household gods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth.

The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the principal witness.

We had scarcely finished the section, which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, discovered to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect, as well as if it had happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked, in a cold, quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"

"I do," he said.

"Will you swear to that?"

"I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter."

"Can you swear to her identity?"

"I can."

"What is her age?"

"She was thirty years old on the 20th day of April."

"When did you last see her?"

"At her own house, about a fortnight since."

"When did you last see her, previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"On the 14th of May, 18—."

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr.

"Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea, and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return!

"Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow?

"Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the utmost scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish?

"We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was a love of gain, or licentiousness, or selfishness or indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true-hearted woman,—let us ask her which of these two has been to her a father."

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent which had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollection of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face, as she replied—

"My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out, on Saturday evening, the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employers, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our only support was a bit of dry bread; and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father."

She paused.

"Would you incite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently motioned her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as she spoke.

"You are not my father," she vehemently exclaimed. "What! call you my father!—you who basely left your wife to toil, and your children to beggary? Never! never! Behold there my father," pointing to the agitated defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection, and shares my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips, it is for you to decide according to the requisitions of nature and to the decrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and that the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was present at the trial.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE AND TALENT.

The mechanics and others of Charleston recently formed an association for their mutual benefit. A more diversified industry is the object. Mr Gregg, well known for his writings on Southern labor, spoke as follows:

Travelling North, some time since, I became acquainted with the great mechanic, J. B. Bigelow, of Boston, now in the receipt of $15,000 per annum as consulting Engineer to the Factories at Lowell and elsewhere. In a personal interview he gave me a short account of his singular life. He had in his youth studied physic, and taking his degree in the profession, endeavored to make a living in its practice. His heart not being in the pursuit, but always hankering to give his mind employment according to its turn, he failed entirely. He next tried merchandise, and formed a co-partnership with that view. In a short time his interest slackened in this business also, and his attention became so taken in the completion of a machine he had designed, and was constructing, that his partner found it necessary to dissolve the connection. This was done, and he was thrown upon himself, embarrassed, unhappy, without money and in debt. He had nothing and owed four hundred dollars.

In this condition he encountered a manufacturer, showed him his machine, which was made to weave a Marseilles quilt. Its plan was approved, and the manufacturer purchased it for $400. With this sum he paid his debts and became free. Soon after he went to New York, and there saw in a shop window a Marseilles quilt of finer texture, woven in a style different from any previously known. It immediately occurred to him, that he could make a machine which would accomplish a similar work. He returned to Boston, saw his friend, the manufacturer, mentioned his new plan, told him of its superseding the first one, and offered it to him for sale. The manufacturer proposed to him a co-partnership in the application of the new machine. It was accepted, factories were erected, and from that time his fortune dated. He afterwards invented machines for weaving Ingrain carpets, Brussels carpets, coach lace, and ginghams, for the doing of which, there are no mills in the world, except those in the State of Massachusetts.

Miscellaneous.

LEPROSY IN AFRICA.

The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it is to be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a large lazar-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. When any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all the stages of the disease. Dr. Halbeck, a Missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly sowing peas in the field. The one had no hand; the other had no feet—those members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet, upon his back; and he, again, carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot, and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in this world. Such is the prison-house of disease. But you will ask who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture to enter again? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and land, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian Missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls have chosen this lazar-house as their field of labor. They entered there, never to come out again. And I am told as soon as they die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we but blush and be ashamed before God, that we redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men.—*M. Cheyne.*

TRIFLES.—Recently we listened to a very amusing discourse, the tendency of which was to show that although no one should be a trifler, yet that every one should be attentive to trifles. A trifler was defined to be one who habitually gives up his time and attention to things that are, or that ought to be beneath his notice; while a trifle was said to be something insignificant in itself, yet capable of producing important results. By way of illustration, an incident in the life of Laffitte, the great French banker, was quoted. Laffitte, in 1787, entered Paris as a poor peasant boy; his introduction to that career in which he was afterwards so eminently successful, was owing to a mere trifle. M. Perregaux, to whom he applied on his arrival for employment, at first rejected his suit; but on seeing the youth, while crossing the court-yard of the hotel, disappointed and rejected, suddenly stop, pick up a pin, and carefully stick it in the cuff of his coat, the man of money was moved, the petitioner was recalled, and after few minutes' conversation, appointed to a vacant post in the office. In 1804, Laffitte became the partner of Monsieur Perregaux; and subsequently obtained the entire direction of the bank. After enjoying the highest civic honors of his country, he died a millionaire, in the year 1844; owing his extraordinary success in life, probably, to the habit, early formed, of never neglecting the most trivial thing likely to be useful.

EXTRAORDINARY CROW.—A native of Kentucky imitates the crowing of a cock so remarkably well, that the sun upon several occasions has risen two hours earlier by mistake.

Wit and Humor.

IRISH STRATAGEM; OR, HOW TO DESERT.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By that means, he traversed England, or made his way to France also, and probably without much knowledge or much care whether he was moving to the North or the South Pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was in the days of the first Frederic, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else; except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman among the crowned heads of the continent. He had but one ambition,—that of inspecting twice a day a regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who forced him to volunteer into the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation; and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honor behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable; the frontier was too closely watched, and Morgan still marched up and down the Potsdam parade with a disconsolate heart; when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in; for Frederic looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high.

"How much did his majesty give for catching that heathen?" said Morgan, to his corporal.

"Four hundred dollars," was the answer.

He burst out into an exclamation of astonishment at this waste of royal treasure upon a Turk.

"Why, they cannot be got for less," replied the corporal.

"What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan. "I am a dwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately."

As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well-known road to favoritism, five were worth at least a pair of colors to the corporal; the conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him through the gradation of officers to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But he at once lost all memory on the subject. "He had no brothers; he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations, and there he hoped to live and die. But he was urged still more strongly, and at length confessed that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that nothing on earth could stir them from their spades."

After some time, the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them.

"Send the fellow himself," he exclaimed, "and let him bring them back."

The order was given, but Morgan was broken-hearted "at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment." He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederic's word was always irrevocable; and Morgan, with a disconsolate face prepared to set out upon his mission. But a new difficulty struck him. How was he to make his brothers come, unless he showed them the recruiting money? This objection was at last obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier, the Irishman was ready to attempt anything for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his journey. But as he was stepping out of the gates of Potsdam, another difficulty occurred; and he be returned to tell the colonel, that of all people existing, the Irish are most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being in the habit of a good deal of exercise in that style themselves; and that when he should go back to his own country and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was that they would laugh in his face. As to the money, "there were some who would not scruple to say that he stole it, or tricked some one of it. But, undoubtedly, when they saw him walking back only as a common soldier, he was sure that they would not believe a syllable, let him say what he would about rising in the service."

The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederic, who, doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier oath, order of Morgan to be made a sous officer, or upper sergeant, and, with a sword and epaulette, sent him instantly across the Rhine to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the county Carlow, delighted the firesides for many a mile round with his having outwitted a king and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money on land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day on which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his house, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and with the most contemptuous gesture which he could contrive, bade good bye to his majesty! The ruse was long a great source of amusement, and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name earned by his exploit, *Morgan Prussia.*

THAT'S HIS OWN.—The Rev Dr ——— is what is commonly denominated "a celebrated preacher." His reputation, however, has not been acquired by his drawing largely upon his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriates the thoughts and language of the great divines who have gone before him. Fortunately for him, those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in the pulpit lore, and accordingly, with such hearers, he passes for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did, nevertheless, happen that the doctor was once detected in his plagiarisms. One Sunday as he was beginning to delight the sprightly beaux and belles belonging to his congregation, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the grave old gentleman muttered, loud enough to be heard by those near him, "That's Sherlock!" The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much further when his tormenting interrupter broke out with "That's Tillotson!" The doctor bit his lips, and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair's," was, however, too much, and completely exhausted all his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the doctor in the face, retorted, "That's his own."

HARD OF FAITH.—There are some men who will not believe a thing, right or wrong—at least, they will not acknowledge that they do believe. Pride may be at the bottom; stubbornness ditto; folly, much more so! In extenuation, however, let it be said that one must have an inexhaustible fund of faith at command in this world which is always crying "Wolf! wolf!" and deals but too often in false alarms. Old B———, late of a neighboring town, had come to that self-same conclusion. He was a St. Thomas, and no mistake, in matters involving the exercise of belief. His senses alone he trusted. That he carried this idea a *leetle* beyond common sense, cannot be denied. But he must have been sorely humbugged at some time or other as we can see by this instance. A friend one day told him that So-and-so's little mare had drawn a heavy load up a steep hill, having been hitched at the end of the *warp* or tongue.

"Did you see it?" enquired B——— who did place some confidence in his informer.

"No, but him saw it of his own eyes," rejoined the other, naming an individual of questionable veracity.

He did!" exclaimed B———, turning on his heel. "Then, by the powers! I want more proof of the fact than *I did afore.*"

"VANA IS SO VANO."—During the performance of an overture recently, one of the musicians having a trumpet part to perform, played too low, which the leader observing, he cried out—"louder, louder." No attention being paid, he repeated his command so often, that at length the indignant German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet, and turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed—"It is very easy to cry louder! louder! but, by gar! vere is de vind?"

PRIVATEERING.—A gentleman in a tea party, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your *private ear*," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is a law against *privateering.*"

IRISH BULL.—There happened to grow up between Patrick and a bragging Down-Easter, a very fierce contest as to the comparative size of different animals and insects, in this and the "ould counthry," when Mr. O'Flaherty declared that in Ireland the "bees were as big as a sh p."

"Very well," interrupted Ichabod, "how big are the hives?"

"As big as yours, be jabers!"

"Then how do the bees get into their hives?"

Paddy scratched his head, and after a few moment's reflection, replied,—"Oh, dat's their look out!"

RAILWAY CARRIAGES vs CLOUDS.—"That there cloud," said a Yankee, pointing to one, the shadow of which was passing rapidly over the ground, "is trying to go ahead of the engine. I guess it'll be behind us and twenty minutes to spare. We can get a-head of the fastest cloud going now, and give it time to take in water."

Selected Articles.

A HIGHWAYMAN'S CONFESSION.

Some twenty-five years ago two young men were hung at Baltimore for robbing the great Southern mail, and killing the driver. One of the highway men was but a boy of nineteen years of age, the son of a respectable physician at Utica, in this State. The other was an old offender. The following is an extract from the confession of the latter, which was published at the time in a pamphlet:—

My first exploit on the highway, was to rob an old Scotchman whom I had perceived in the afternoon from my lurking place, driving a fatted cow to a neighboring market. As he was returning, (a little in liquor,) I placed myself in his way, and saluted him with "Good evening, old dad."

"How do ye, how do ye," said he.

"Sold your cow, eh?"

"Yes." (Hickup)

"How much?"

"Too leetle, too leetle; only twenty siller dollars."

"Well, shell," said I.

"Shell!"

"Yes, shell out; and do it quickly, too, or I'll make daylight shine through you with an ounce ball."

"Oh! for Gude's sake, you wadna rob me!"

"No, but for my own sake—to be brief, I am a gentleman in distress, and will take your money as a loan from you."

"Weel, aweel, dinna hurt me," said he, apparently sobered, "and I weel count it out till ye."

So saying, he put his hand in his coat pocket behind, and drawing forth a large pistol, ready cocked, he presented it at me, observing very coolly:—

"I hae hearit o' sic borrowin' folk as ye afore now; and see I hae aye gone providit wi' the ready to plank doun."

Such a novice was I in this new business, that I had not taken my pistols from my belt, where they were confined under a buttoned coat; besides, if I had, it would not have availed me, for I had neglected to provide flints for them.

"But," continued he, "as ye say ye are a puir gentilman, (and puir enough, Gude kens,) just step aff a few yards further, and dance a Scotch jeg or a hornpipe; and mak the music wi' yere ain whistle, too, or ye're a deed mon."

"Oh! my old friend, impossible! surely you do not insist on my dancing a jig in sand half way up to my knees!"

"Gif ye dinna at it wi' a' yere might, in less time than I can snap my fingers three times, by the son o' Elihu, (wha I'm fond to thank they ca'd Money,) wi' the help o' a guid load o' buckshot, I'll make as mony holes through ye as ye could count in an auld ten lanthorne—and I'll mak het led run through ye, for o' the world like queck siller through the riddle o' a Scotch fan, an ye dinna dance right aff the reel, 'like a hen upo' a het griddle.' Now then."

What *could* I do? Feeling it was no time to trifle, and almost fancying the buckshot was already perforating me, I bethought me of a waltz, and whirling it, in less than three minutes, belaboured myself into a perfect foam of perspiration, in the deep sand. Tired to death, I paused to breathe, and asked the old tyrant if that would not do for this time.

"Na, na, dinna fash yoursel, dear. I am na tired o' lukin on, gif ye are na tired o' scollopin. See gaie us twa or three jerks more, and when ye hae done I'll reward ye wi' twa or three o' the siller dollars."

I renewed the dreadful onset, once more, with a rueful heart; and when I stopped again out of wind, he pitched the silver at me, and recommended an honester mode of borrowing, bade me clear myself—which is needless to say I did.

It was now dusk, and I turned into a road that led into the interior, through a large swamp. I had scarcely proceeded half a mile, when I found my arms, as if by magic, pinioned to my back, in the rude grasp of two ruffians, gentlemen of my own calling.

"Stand, and deliver," said a stern voice.

"I have just been delivered myself," said I, "gentlemen; and by my honesty, you may as soon draw blood from a turnip, or milk from a stone, as enrich yourselves with spoils from me."

"No palavering," said my laconic incognito, at the same time quite unceremoniously thrusting his hands into my pockets, (while the other held me,) and deliberately drawing forth the fruits of my Scotch prize.

"Have a few of the shiners?" said he.

"Yes—and if you have no objections, after a fair division, I'll make one of your gang."

"None of your tricks upon honest travellers," said he.

I, however, gave them abundant proof of my sincerity and was admitted.

We were in an inn next evening in a village of ——— just as the mail stage arrived. It required but half the time it was changing for us to push out half a mile on its route, build a fence across the road, and concert various other measures for the robbery of the mail, by which we flattered ourselves with fortunes. In the meantime, my comrades entertained me with a brief account of their course of life; and I could perceive many similar points to those of my own short history; and principally springing, in the first instance, from parental unkindness and mal-administration and example.

The mail was carried in a coach or stage, drawn by four horses. There were, we knew, six passengers and the driver to contend with. Fearful odds, but nothing to our cool and determined daring. My comrades were informed by advices the day before, received by an accomplice in Philadelphia, that considerable remittances were expected there from Lancaster about this time.

It was arranged that the instant the horses should stop at the fence (it was dark,) one of my comrades should present himself on either side of the stage, with pistols ready, whilst I kept the driver in check with mine.

"Don't fear, gentlemen," said Clifton—for that was our leader's name—"we intend to subscribe for stock for the improvement of these roads; but being rather short of funds, are going to borrow a small cent from the mail; so condescend to step out, one at a time, and I will tie you to separate trees. But if more than one of you appear at a time, or if you hesitate one moment, or make as much noise as would be heard from the mouth to the ear, I'll send a couple of rounds of buck-shot among you that will not leave one of you to tell the tale."

Out they tumbled in dumb show, one at a time; and while Clifton tied the last, I tied the trembling driver. We now drove the stage off into the wood, and availed ourselves of the contents of the mail, by the help of a dark lantern, while Smith—the third—kept guard outside the coach. This part of the business through, we ungeared three of the horses, mounted them and struck off through the wood in a by-path, at a round gallop. After riding all the fore part of the night, we turned the horses loose and footed it.

After a robbery we would disperse, proceed to some city, change our disguise for an entirely different one; and after spending a part of our funds, meet at a preconcerted spot, and proceed as before. I will here remark, that after repeated acts such as I have just described, I discovered such an aptness and cool bearing, that my associates voluntarily appointed me their captain, and, in our moments of drunken revelry, in a certain deep, dark cavern, which was our chief place of refuge and rendezvous, styled me, "the *reverend* Brigand!"

One night, on my way to this cave, I met a solitary old man, in an old sulky, walking his horse cautiously, as if doubtful of the road. The moon shone only by fits, from behind the clouds, and I could not resist the opportunity of riding this lonely old creature.

"Stop," said I—"your life or your purse." Without uttering a syllable, but in the most evident alarm, the old man made a quick, bustling movement, and seemed to grasp something in the bottom of the vehicle, and fearing I had another Scotch prize to deal with, for the first time in my life, I fired on a lone man.

With a convulsive and shivering movement, accompanied by a groan, he pitched from the carriage a lifeless trunk at my feet.

My horror was unutterably inconceivable, hardened wretch as I was, when I found I had murdered a grey headed, defenceless old man. Dragging the body to one side, with the view of casting it into the bushes, a faint gleam of the pale moon fell upon the wan features—Oh! horror of horrors, I discovered it was my aged father!

THE KENTUCKY FORGER IN TEXAS.

It is related of an unfortunate man, Martin Brown—who was once a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, but was confined in the Penitentiary for forgery—that when he first settled in Texas, the inhabitants were determined to drive him out of Austin's settlement of San Felipe, because he had been a convict. Austin himself had forbidden such persons to settle on his ground, and the colonial law, passed by him, was most strict, prohibiting an asylum to refugees, and all persons rendered infamous by felonies, of whatever description they might be—a law which the father of Texas always enforced with the utmost rigor.—Hence, as soon as the settlers informed the General of this new case, he immediately sent an order warning Brown to decamp within three days, on pain of summary punishment. The messenger was William S———, Austin's Private Secretary, a young man of cultivated intellect, noble heart, and generous to a fault. He arrived at the Green Heart Grove, the residence of Brown and his family, one Summer's noon, and found the family circle formed around their frugal table. It was their dinner hour.

S——— forthwith delivered Austin's written order, which Brown glanced over, and then said, mournfully

"Tell General Austin that I shall never move from this spot till I move into my grave. It is true, I committed a great crime in my native State—but I also suffered the severe penalty of the offended law; and then, with my dear wife and children, who still love me, I stole away from the eyes of society, which I no longer wish to serve or injure, to live in quiet and die in peace. I am ready and willing to die; but on my family's account, I cannot and will not leave this spot."

His wife and daughters implored him to change his resolution. They avowed their willingness again to undergo the toils and privations of emigration, and if necessary, to prepare a new home in the wilderness. But prayers, and fears, and entreaties were alike in vain. To every argument Martin Brown gave the same answer, in a calm, sad voice.

"I chose my place of burial the first day I set eyes on my little grove, and I shall not change my mind now."

S——— returned, deeply touched with the scene he had witnessed, related to General Austin the singular state of facts, and interceded urgently for a relaxation of the law, which rested in the discretion of the colonial chief.

"You have suffered yourself to be smitten by the charms of the beautiful Emma," said General Austin, with a smile.

S——— tried to look indignant, which effort merely resulted in a burning blush.

"I will go and see Martin myself," added the General; "but he will have to make out a strong case to alter my determination."

When Austin arrived in the evening at his destination, the family of the grove were almost distracted with grief. Brown's countenance alone wore its old mask of marble tranquility. His story told to General Austin was simple as it was brief.

"It is true," he said, "I was in the Penitentiary of Kentucky; but I was in the Legislature before I was in the State's prison, and while a member of the Senate, opposed with all my might the manufacture of so many banks. Those banks soon afterwards beggared thousands, and among the rest me and my children. I was then tempted, in order to save my family, to perpetrate a forgery, or to do that on a small scale which the State and its banks had so long been doing on a large one. I paid the forfeit of my crime. While the grand swindlers rolled in splendid affluence I pined alone in a felon's dungeon. Having served out my time, I resolved never again to commit a wrong. I have kept my vow, and have now but one sole desire—*to be let alone, or die!*"

Gen. Austin did let the old man alone, concealed the order for his banishment, and was ever after his steadfast friend.

S———, the Private Secretary, made other visits to the Green Heart Grove, and the beautiful Emma is now the wife of an eminent lawyer, and a "bright particular star" of fashion's sphere at Galveston.

Martin died at last in peace, and was buried in his beloved grove, (at his special request), in a most fantastic manner, standing erect, in full hunter's costume, with his right hand raised toward Heaven, and his loaded rifle on his left shoulder.

A Leaf from History.

DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE.

A Terrible Scene.

The Carthagenians did everything in the prosecution of this war with the Romans that the most desperate valor could do; but Scipio's cool, steady and well calculated plans made irresistible progress, and hemmed them in at last, within narrower and narrower limits, by a steadily increasing pressure, from which they found it impossible to break away.

Scipio had erected a sort of mole or pier upon the water near the city, on which he had erected many large and powerful engines to assault the walls. One night a large company of Carthagenians took torches, not lighted, in their hands, together with some sort of apparatus for striking fire, and partly by wading and partly by swimming, they made their way through the water of the harbor toward these machines. When they were sufficiently near they struck their lights, and set their torches on fire. The Roman soldiers who had been stationed to guard the machines, were seized with terror at seeing all these flashing fires burst suddenly over the surface of the water, and fled in dismay. The Carthagenians set the abandoned engines on fire, and then, throwing their now useless torches into the flames, plunged into the water again, and swam back in safety. But all this desperate bravery did very little good. Scipio quietly repaired the engines, and the siege went on as before.

But we cannot describe in detail all the particulars of this protracted and terrible struggle.—We must pass on to the closing scene, which, as related by the historians of the day, is an almost incredible series of horrors. After an immense number had been killed in the assaults which had been made upon the city, besides the thousands and thousands which had died of famine, and of the exposures and hardships incident to such a siege, the army of Scipio succeeded in breaking their way through the gates, and gaining admission to the city. Some of the inhabitants were now disposed to contend no longer, but to cast themselves at the mercy of the conqueror. Others, furious in their despair, were determined to fight to the last, not willing to give up the pleasure of killing all they could of their hated enemies, even to save their lives. They fought, therefore, from street to street, retreating gradually as the Romans advanced, till they found refuge in the Citadel. One band of Scipio's soldiers mounted to the tops of the houses, the roofs being flat, and fought their way there while another column advanced in the same manner in the streets below.

No imagination can conceive the uproar and din of such an assault upon a populous city—a horrid mingling of the vociferated commands of the officers, and of the shouts of the advancing and victorious assailants, with the screams of terror from affrighted women and children, and dreadful groans and imprecations from men dying, maddened with unsatisfied revenge, and biting the dust in an agony of pain.

The more determined of the combatants, with Hasdrubal at their head, took possession of the Citadel, which was a quarter of the city situated upon an eminence, and strongly fortified. Scipio advanced to the walls of this fortification and set that part of the city on fire which lay nearest to it. The fire burned for six days, and opened a large area, which afforded the Roman troops room to act. When the troops were brought up to the area, thus left vacant by the fire and the people within saw that their condition was hopeless, there arose, as there always does in such cases, the desperate struggle within the walls whether to persist in resistance, or to surrender in despair. There was an immense mass, not far from sixty thousand, half women and children, who were determined on going out to surrender themselves to Scipio's mercy, and beg for their lives. Hasdrubal's wife, leading her two children by her side, earnestly entreated her husband to allow her to go with them. But he refused. There was a body of deserters from the Roman camp in the Citadel who, having no possible hope of escaping destruction except by desperate resistance to the last, Hasdrubal supposed would never yield. He committed his wife and children, therefore, to their charge, and these deserters, seeking refuge in a great temple within the Citadel, bore the frantic mother with them to share their fate.

Hasdrubal's determination, however, to resist the Romans to the last, soon after this gave way, and he determined to surrender. He is accused of the most atrocious treachery in attempting thus to save himself, after excluding his wife and children from all possibility of escaping destruction. But the confusion and din of such a scene, the suddenness and violence with which the events succeeded each other, and the turbulent and uncontrollable mental agitation to which they give rise, deprive a man who is called to act in it of all sense and reason, and exonerate him, almost as much as if he were insane. At any rate, Hasdrubal, after shutting up his wife and children with a furious gang of desperadoes, who could not possibly surrender, surrendered himself, perhaps hoping that he might save them after all.

The Carthagenian soldiers, following Hasdrubal's example, opened the gates of the Citadel, and let the conqueror in. The deserters were now made absolutely desperate by their danger, and some of them more furious than the rest, preferring to die by their own hands rather than to give their hated enemies the pleasure of killing them, set the building in which they were shut up on fire. The miserable inmates ran to and fro, half suffocated by the smoke, and scorched by the flames. Many of them reached the roof. Hasdrubal's wife and children were among the number. She looked down from this elevation, the volumes of smoke and flame rolling up around her, and saw her husband standing below with the Roman General—perhaps looking in consternation, for his wife and children, amid this scene of horror. The sight of the husband and father in a position of safety, made the wife and mother perfectly furious with resentment and anger. "Wretch," she screamed, in a voice that raised itself above the universal din, "it is thus you seek to save your life while you sacrifice ours! I cannot reach you in your own person, but I kill you hereby in the persons of your children." So saying, she stabbed her affrighted sons with a dagger, and hurled them down, struggling all the time against their insane mother's phrensy, into the nearest opening from which flames were ascending, and then leaped in after them herself, to share their awful doom.

The Romans, when they had gained possession of the city, took most effectual measures for its complete destruction. The inhabitants were scattered into the surrounding country, and the whole territory was converted into a Roman province. Some attempts were made to rebuild the city, and it was for a long time a place of some resort, as men lingered mournfully there in huts that they built among the ruins. It, however, was gradually forsaken, the stone crumbled and decayed, vegetation regained possession of the soil, and now there is nothing whatever to mark the spot where the city lay.—*Abbott's History of Hannibal.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 13, 17, 9, 15, 12, 14, is a county in Kentucky.
My 2, 9, 17, 12, 18, is a county in Illinois.
My 3, 12, 18, 15, 1, 8, 7, 11, is a county in Michigan.
My 4, 13, 15, 7, 6, 5, is a county in Ohio.
My 5, 11, 8, 14, 2, 5, 7, is a county in Georgia.
My 6, 12, 4, 5, 19, 12, 9, is a county in North Carolina.
My 7, 13, 9, 10, 3, 8, 10, 16, 7, 5, is a county in Alabama.
My 8, 7, 4, 5, 11, 10, 6, 7, 5, is a county in Virginia.
My 9, 6, 14, 19, 5, 11, 13, 14, 10, is a county in Virginia.
My 10, 7, 19, 11, 13, 17, 9, 5, 19, is a county in Iowa.
My 11, 12, 13, 7, 15, 6, 17, 5, is a county in Illinois.
My 12, 6, 7, 5, 16, 9, 19, is a county in New York.
My 13, 7, 19, 15, 5, 6, is a county in New York.
My 14, 5, 7, 12, 14, is a county in Kentucky.
My 15, 13, 19, 1, 8, 7, 13, 12, 19, 16, is a county in Alabama.
My 16, 9, 10, 6, 17, 8, 18, is a county in Florida.
My 17, 12, 18, 17, 9, is a county in Iowa.
My 18, 8, 19, 8, 16, is a county in Michigan.
My 19, 15, 5, 13, 4, 5, 14, is a county in New York.

My whole is a range of mountains in the United States.

J. O. C.

Jeffersonville, Va.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 7, 3, 16, 5, 2, 4, was an English essayist.
My 2, 12, 13, 14, 11, 16, was a learned Carmelite writer.
My 3, 2, 12, 17, 6, 15, was a Roman lyric poet.
My 4, 7, 12, 8, 2, 4, is an American author.
My 5, 15, 4, 11, 6, 17, was a Roman rhetorician and orator.
My 6, 17, 5, 5, 13, 16, 13, was a French geographer.
My 7, 8, 13, 5, was an American orator.
My 8, 17, 5, 5, 7, was an Italian poet.
My 9, 10, 3, 15, 12, was an Irish historian and an eminent divine.
My 10, 6, 2, 8, 8, was a novelist and poet.
My 11, 16, 4, 13, 9, 10, was an eminent Latin poet.
My 12, 7, 9, 10, 5, 11, 17, 9, was a renowned Swiss philosopher and fine writer.
My 13, 3, 12, 15, was a Swedish poet.
My 14, 12, 2, 8, 13, 9, 5, was an eminent German writer.
My 15, 3, 12, 15, 8, was a German botanist.
My 16, 11, 10, 8, 15, 12, was a Russian annalist.
My 17, 12, 15, 8, 15, 16, was an Italian historian.

My whole was a Scotch philosopher and a learned divine.

C. W. CONWAY.

RIDDLE.

Soon as I am born I die,
And none can tell thee where I lie,
I have a soul, but not a shape,
I'm neither man, nor beast, nor ape;
I ne'er was seen, yet all can tell
Who I love, and where I dwell;
My length has never been decided,
I am sometimes short, sometimes divided;
With love-torn souls I often dwell;
And those my name who best can tell.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1.

Four merchants, viz: W, X, Y, and Z, advance in trade as follows: viz. W, X, and Y, raised $350.50; W, X and Z raised $341.50, and W, Y, and Z, raised $378.50. In the conclusion they parted with their joint stock for 135 guineas. What was each man's share, and what did they gain by this adventure if the guinea is reckoned at $4.66⅔ a piece. D. D.

2.

Being on the top of a tower and wishing the height, I therefore dropped a musket ball to the bottom and found that it descended in 5½ seconds. What was the height of the tower? V. P.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are dreams like the cars upon the railroad?
Ans.—Because they come upon sleepers.

☞ Why are lady's ear-rings like men in debt?
Ans.—Because they are in arrears (ear rears).

☞ Why is a mirror like the mind?
Ans.—Because it is full of reflection.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Declaration of Independence.

CHARADE.—Whirlpool.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—337.21 inches.

☞ The one who attempts to cipher out the arithmetical puzzle of last week, will find that there is a peculiarity in it. They will generally work it thus—

80in	0t	0r	0yds	0ft	7in
79	7	39	5	1	11
				1	8

and hence say it cannot be done. It can, however, by going thus—10 11ins. in the subtrahend = 1yd and 9ins.

5yds. = 1r.
Rr. 96 1r = 40r = 1f.
7f. 40 1f = 8f = 1m.
79m 40 1m = 80m.

Thence we have for a subtrahend 80m 0f 0r 0yds 0ft. 2ins, which subtracted from the minuend, gives for an answer 2 inches.

Science and Art.

EARTHQUAKES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Mr. Milne records 116 earthquake shocks in England; 31 of which were along the south coast, 30 in Wales, 14 on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and 139 shocks in Scotland, of which not fewer than 85, and those the most violent, occurred in the vicinity of Comrie, in Strathearn; indicating, without the proximity of any volcanic action, some singular relation of this locality to subterranean actions going on underneath.

FRESH WATER FLOATING UPON THE SEA.—Captain Sabine found discolored water, supposed to be that of the Amazon River, three hundred miles distance in the ocean from the embouchure of that river. It was about 126 feet deep. Its specific gravity was = 1.0204, and the specific gravity of the sea water = 1.0262. This appears to be the greatest distance from land, at which river water has been detected on the surface of the ocean.

GREAT ERUPTION OF THE SKAPTAR JOKULL.—Scarcely have we the record of any event like to this phenomenon, which devastated Iceland in 1783, the year also of the great Calabrian earthquake. A submarine volcano had been burning fiercely for many weeks in the ocean, thirty miles from the south-west cape of Iceland. Its fires suddenly ceased—the island was shaken by earthquakes for a time, when the volcanic power abruptly broke forth again, at the distance of 150 miles, among the perpetual snows of the Skaptar mountains, on a scale of terrific grandeur. For many months the sun was wholly unseen in Iceland,—clouds of ashes were carried many hundred miles to sea, falling even in the Orkney Islands,—the liquid lava spread out in some places to a breadth of twenty or thirty miles, filling up the beds of rivers, and of enormous thickness, poured itself into the sea, nearly fifty miles from the places of its eruption.—*Quarterly Review.*

Natural History.

A JOKE UPON AN ELEPHANT.

A very intelligent elephant was shown, some years since, in a caravan of wild beasts, at a fair, in the West of England. One of those practical jokers, whose wit lies in pouring melted butter into a friend's pocket or conveying a putrid oyster into his plate, had been doling out some gingerbread-nuts of the first quality to the elephant, who received the instalments, small as they were, with satisfaction and gratitude, manifesting the latter by the spontaneous performance of some of his tricks between the somewhat protracted intervals of supply. Suddenly, his benefactor produced a large paper parcel, weighing some two or three pounds, and presented it *en masse.* The elephant took it as it was, and consigned the whole to his powerful crushing-mill. Hardly, however, had he swallowed the dose, before he gave a loud roar, and exhibited all the symptoms of suffering severely from internal heat, handing—yes, handing, for the trunk acted as dexterously as a hand—the bucket to his keeper, as if beseeching for water, which was given to him, and of which he continued to pour floods sufficient to drive a mill, down his capacious and burning throat.

"Ha!" said the joker, addressing his victim, "those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow, I guess."

"You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper, "unless you want the bucket at your head, and serve you right, too."

"The dispenser of ginger and pepper took the hint; for there was an angry glance in the drinker's eye, while the distressed beast was pumping up his sixth bucket full, and in good time he took it, for he had scarcely cleared the entrance of the show, when the empty bucket was hurled after him by the elephant, with such force and correctness of aim, that if he had been a moment later his joking would, in all probability, have been terminated with his life, on the spot.

A year had passed away, and the wayfarers from the country villages trod over the withered leaves that had, when fresh, green, and vigorous, shielded their heads from the burning summer's sun, as they again bent their steps to the same annual autumnal fair, where the elephant had been before exhibited, and where he was again ready to receive company.

Our joker was again among his visitors, and forgetful of his narrow escape from the bucket, which at the time another wit observed he had been near kicking, came as before, with one coat pocket filled with "best nuts," and the other with hot nuts. He gave the elephant two or three nuts from the best sample, and then drew forth and presented him with a hot one. No sooner had the elephant tasted it than he seized the coat tails of his tormentor, and with one whirling sweep with his trunk lifted him from the ground, till, the tails giving way, the man dropped half dead with fright, and with his coat reduced to a jacket. The elephant, meanwhile, quietly inserted the end of his trunk into the pocket containing the best nuts, and leisurely proceeded, keeping his foot on the coat-tails, to discuss every nut of them. When he had finished the last, he trampled upon the pocket containing the hot nuts, till he had reduced them to a mash, and then, after, having torn the tails to rags, threw the soiled fragments at the head of his facetious friend, amid the derision of the assembled crowd.

SLAVERY AMONG INSECTS.

The following singular facts are from "Newman's History of Insects." "The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants, is the propensity possessed by certain species to kidnap the workers of other species, and compel them to labor for the benefit of the community, thus using them completely as slaves; and, as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red, or pale-colored ants, and the slaves, like the captured natives of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for taking slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female are about emerging from the pupa state, and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This instinct seems specially provided; for, were the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery, to which they appear to be doomed, still, even that office must fail, were the attacks to be made on their nest before the winged myriads have departed or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind. When the red ants are about to sally forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found. These scouts having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest and report their success. Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing; the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body halt, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others. This vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony they disperse, wandering through the herbage and hunting about, as aware of the propinquity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlement; and the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with and frequently killed by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes sally forth by thousands, and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues, which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage. The red ants, with their powerful mandibles, tear open the sides of the negro ant-hills, and rush into the heart of the citadel. In a few minutes each invader emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a worker negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valor of its natural guardians. The red ants return in perfect order to their nest, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching their nest, the pupa appears to be treated precisely as their own; and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good will. They repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvæ, take the pupæ into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require. They conduct themselves entirely as if fulfilling their original destination."

The Olio.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Is it, oh man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?
Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

LONGFELLOW.

PRIDE OF A COW.

A correspondent informs us that, while on a visit at the country house of a lady, it one day happened that they were passing the cow-house just at the time when the dairy maid was driving home the cows to be milked. They all passed in quietly enough, with the exception of the one which stood lowing at the door and resisted every effort of the dairy-maid to induce her to enter. When the maid was interrogated as to the cause of the obstinacy, she attributed it to pride; and, when surprise was expressed at this, she explained that whenever any of the other cows happened to get in before her, this particular cow would seem quite affronted and would not enter at all unless the others were turned out again and she had an opportunity of walking in before them. This statement having excited curiosity, and a wish to ascertain its accuracy, the maid was desired to redouble her exertions to induce the cow to enter; on which she chased the animal through every corner of the yard but without success, until she at last desisted from want of breath, declaring that there was no other remedy than to turn out the other cows. She was then permitted to make the experiment, and no sooner were the others driven out than in walked the gratified cow, with a stately air, her more humble-minded companions following meekly in her train.

QUEER OCCUPATIONS.—The English tradesmen who furnish any part of the furniture, apparel, or equipage of the Queen's household, deem it a privilege to announce the fact that they are the Queen's own artizans in that particular branch. Thus it has been lately announced that Stiven & Son have been appointed "snuff-box makers to the Queen." But Douglas Jerrold insists, in his Weekly News, that her gracious majesty does not titillate the mucous membrane of her proboscis with pulverized tobacco. If this is true, says a cotemporary, why has the royal female libelled herself by appointing a snuff-box maker? Certain it is that her majesty's illustrious grandmother, of pug nosed memory, took the strongest "Irish blackguard" by the fistfull, peppering her self with the same pretty liberally in the operation. She, heaven rest her royal remains! had a much stronger *penchant* for snuff than soap. The snuff-box business is rather a strange one for her majesty to patronize; but it does not equal in oddity another business which is announced by a sign over one of the largest establishments in London: "Smith & Co., *breeches makers* to her majesty!" We wonder what Albert thinks of that!

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

"The Soul's Passing" is the title of a touching poem in a late "London Athenæum." A husband is looking upon the scarce cold form of his dead wife:]

"Take her faded hand in thine—
Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender hearted, speech departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

"Runs no more the circling river,
Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth cold forever—
No more merry leap and start,
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
In its silent home the heart!

"Hope not answer to your praying!
Cold, responseless lies she there,
Death, that ever will be slaying
Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers soft as slumbers—
She is with Him otherwhere!"

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.—The following anecdote, lately related to a public meeting in Philadelphia, for the advancement of education, will be interesting to many of our readers:

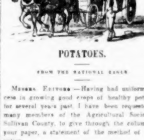
The late excellent Dr. Jonathan Going, some years ago attended an association where some of the brethren were warm opponents of written sermons, insisting on the far superior advantages of an extemporaneous address. The good Doctor's views did not coincide with theirs and his arguments against them were not withheld. After the contest was over, Dr. G. was pressed to preach, which he did, and delivered his sermon with great freedom, without a note before him, and with a very marked effect on the audience. When he came out of the pulpit, the brethren swarmed around him, and said,

"Well, Brother Going, what do you say now?—If this sermon had been written, you could not have preached it in this way, nor could we feel as we now do."

"Indeed," said the doctor, with a very quiet but arch tone, "and yet, I can assure you, that every word of this sermon was written some years ago, and this is the *forty-seventh* time I have preached it!"

FLOATING BEE-HOUSES.—In Lower Egypt, where the flower harvest is not so early by several weeks as in the upper district of that country, the practice of transportation is carried on to a considerable extent. About the end of October, the hives, after being collected together from the different villages, and conveyed up the Nile, marked and numbered by the individuals to whom they belong, are heaped pyramidically upon the boats prepared to receive them, which, floating gradually down the river, and stopping at certain stages of their passage, remain there a longer or shorter time, according to the produce which is afforded by the surrounding country. After travelling three months in this manner, the bees having culled the perfumes of the orange flowers of the Said, the essence of roses of the Faium, the treasures of the Arabian jessamine, and a variety of flowers, are brought back, about the beginning of February, to the places from which they have been carried. The productiveness of the flowers, at each respective stage, is ascertained by the gradual descent of the boats in the water, and which is probably noted by a scale of measurement. This industry produces for the Egyptians delicious honey, and abundance of bees' wax.—*Dr. Bevan.*

Agricultural.



POTATOES.

FROM THE NATIONAL EAGLE.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having had uniform success in growing good crops of healthy potatoes, for several years past, I have been requested by many members of the Agricultural Society of Sullivan County, to give through the columns of your paper, a statement of the method of cultivation.

The following are the facts and results, with so many of the circumstances as thought profitable for the practical farmer, as well as the experimenter. Land selected, one acre, surface soil a sandy loam, not exposed to cold winds, ten or fifteen loads of composted manure, spread and turned under by deep ploughing, then harrowed down smooth, and furrowed out lightly, distance three feet for the rows. A compost, made by thoroughly mixing

150 Bushels scurf, or dry swamp muck.
40 Gallons urine, (human,) 8 pounds sulphuric acid added.
2 Barrels ashes, or one of lime, dry slaked.
40 Pounds Epsom Salts dissolved in water.
40 do. do.
200 Pounds Plaster Paris.

Laid out one quart to a hill and slightly covered before the potatoes are dropped—seed fifteen bushels—unripe, the large potatoes cut small ones planted whole—hoed but once, and the crops secured rather late, result 150 bushels sound and healthy potatoes per acre, and yet room for great improvement.

It will be seen from the above that we view the plant constitutionally diseased, brought on, no doubt, by repeated transgressions and infringements upon certain physical laws which govern the vegetable kingdom. Therefore, in order to improve and restore the vital power of this truly invaluable esculent, we must have recourse to a "little medicine and proper diet," a rational method of agriculture, having respect to local circumstances, and those of climate generally.

D. D. MARSH.

Mountain Home Farm, Croydon, N. Hampshire.

SCOURS IN SHEEP.

Mr. Reed Burritt, of Burdett, N. Y., writes in reference to this disease:—"Late in the Fall of 1837, the scours got among my lambs, and I was not able to arrest the disease until some forty of them died. At length a friend recommended rennet, prepared the same as the cheese-maker uses it, to set a curd for cheese. I accordingly gave to each lamb that was diseased about four table-spoonsfuls, and not one of them failed to recover. We then prepared a quantity sufficient to soak a bushel of oats, and fed them in piece meals to the remainder of the flock, which consisted of about one hundred, and the disease stopped entirely. I have used no other medicine for that disease to this day, and it has never failed of curing. I keep it on hand the year round; but it is seldom called for excepting in the Fall, when the grass is frozen. I have not had more than two or three cases a year since 1837. An old sheep needs six or seven spoonfuls. If they are not relieved in twenty-four hours, I repeat the dose; but it is very seldom that I have had to repeat it. One thing further I entreat the shepherd to do, for the comfort of the innocent animals, which is to tagg them.

I am credibly informed that wheat flour and water, mixed to the thickness of milk, will readily cure scours in human or brute creatures. A piece of opium as large as a common chesnut, dissolved in a pint of good brandy, will cure the scours in a horse. I have never known it to fail."

Mr. Albert A. Doane, of Middle Granville, N. Y., pursues the following course, in reference to scours: "When the cases are severe, we give pulverized charcoal, about two or three table-spoonsfuls for a dose. As a preventive, (and we believe in the homely proverb, 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,') we mix powdered charcoal, sulphur, and ashes with salt, and keep the mixture in some convenient place, where the sheep can get at it at all times."—*Albany Cultivator.*

CUCUMBERS.

We advise those who are really desirous of obtaining this excellent fruit in perfection, to try the following plan, which is highly recommended by many, and which is said, by some who have tested its efficiency, to be attended almost invariably with flattering success:—

As soon as the temperature is sufficiently mild, cart out a few loads of old well rotted chip manure, and spread it evenly on a patch of green sward—say one or two inches deep—and plant the seeds the same as in garden soil. The hills may be four feet apart, and if you have not a sufficiency of manure completely to cover the entire surface, drop one or two bushels in a place where the hills are to be, and leave the spaces intervening uncovered. The vines will grow with surprising vigor and luxuriance, and the fruit, resting on the clean grass, is easily plucked, and never defiled by dirt. Melons and squashes are grown in this way also. As soon as the plants make their appearance, spread over them a thin cake of cotton wadding, and to prevent its being removed by the wind, confine it in its proper place by wooden pins. The lightness of the article enables the plants to grow without hindrance from its close contact, and to derive the necessary principles from the atmosphere with the same facility as though they were exposed to it without protection. We request our agricultural friends, one and all, to make trial of this method, and publish the results.—*Maine Cultivator.*

HORSES.

Horses that are round, or "barrel chested," are invariably more muscular and enduring than those of an opposite kind. Scientific sportsmen are in a great measure guided in their opinion of a horse's racing qualifications by his girth just behind his shoulders; by this test, a jockey foretold the reputation and prowess of the celebrated racer Plenipotentiary, almost from the period of his birth. Cattle dealers and butchers, in like manner, judge by the chest and shoulders of cows and pigs what amount of fat they are likely to gain by feeding. All animals that have large lungs are remarkable for the vigor of their appetites, and the facility with which they appropriate their nutriment; such animals will feed upon the coarsest hay and straw, whilst their less fortunate constructed companions are fattened by no kind of food. An amusing anecdote is related of a simpleton, who, in trying to sell a horse, declared that "*the animal's eating was mere nothing.*" The intelligence would, contrary to intention, have sufficed to ruin the prospect of sale, but the buyer, with a rare discrimination, inferred from the horse's chest that the capacity of his appetite had been unwittingly misstated. He bought him on the hazard of an opinion, and had no reason to repent of his judgment.

For the Ladies.

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

I promised Annie to give a recipe this week for coloring green. Well, Annie, get an apothecary to put pulverized indigo and oil of vitriol into a bottle, three ounces of the vitriol to one of indigo.—The bottle should not be more than one-third filled, for sometimes it ferments. Let it stand at least two weeks, but the older it is the better. Shake it well once a day for a week or more; and if it becomes too thick to be shaken, add a little water.—This mixture, with warm water and alum, will color any shade of blue in five minutes. Every housekeeper should keep a little in a bottle. Ribbons, cravats, and other trifles that become faded and dirty, if carefully washed and rinsed, may be made to look "amaist as weel's the new." An article should be made white and clear before attempting to color it any light color. This can be done by dipping it into acid water after washing, or by exposing it to the steam of burning brimstone in a close box or barrel. When the articles are ready for your blue dye dissolve alum or cream of tartar in warm water and stir in your indigo mixture until the water appears the proper shade, then have your things wet to keep them from staining, and dip carefully. They must not be washed after, but ironed before they are quite dry, on the wrong side, with an iron not very warm. In the same way a little turmeric, boiling water and alum will color any shade of yellow, from pale straw to bright gold. Scarlet lake and cream-of-tartar will produce any variety of pink. It is used to renew flesh-colored silk stockings when they are washed, and a few drops of the blue mixture added will produce varieties of dove color. An economical mother, who prides herself on having her children look as well as her wealthier neighbors, will find an important auxiliary in the art of renewing old clothes with a little new color.

But it was a recipe for dying carpet chain green I was to give Annie. When your blue mixture in the bottle is ready for use, make a strong yellow dye. Country folks generally use hickory bark for this, but I like the bark of the black oak best.—Some use peach tree leaves; but little matter what you use, so that you make a strong, clear yellow dye. It must be boiled in a copper kettle, and when your bark is strained out, throw in half a pound of alum for every pound of yarn, then pour in the mixture and stir it—try it with a thread until it is the right shade, and then put in your yarn.—The dye must be boiling—the yarn clean and dry. It should be stirred and left in ten or fifteen minutes, then wrung out and aired. If not green enough, put it in again. Two dips is generally enough. If it shades too yellow, put in more blue. All greens are a combination of yellow and blue.—This recipe will color wool a rich grass green, and cotton a most delicate pea. You can put the two materials in together, and each will come out its own shade. I have colored a dark bottle green in the same dye after the grass and pea came out, by dipping woollen yarn into black dye until it was about half colored; then washing, drying and coloring green. A piece of chalk as large as a walnut for every pound of yarn should be thrown into the dye to prevent the vitriol's rotting the yarn. This green should not be washed after coloring. It looks better without, and will stand its color to the last. The carpet under my feet now, has been in constant use for fifteen years.—The green was colored in this way, and looks almost as fresh now as the new grass.

Every country girl knows how to color red with madder, but every one does not know that after she is done with her red dye, when she is making a carpet, she should make a yellow dye and mix it with the exhausted red to make an orange! Or color woollen yarn yellow, then throw it into the red dye instead of throwing the dye out, and you will have another variety of color, rich and beautiful! A beautiful purple is made with logwood and alum; and a piece of verdigris, as large as a nutmeg, added for every two pound of yarn, improves it very much. This color looks best on cotton material.

I put no yellow in a carpet except what is colored with ley and copperas, because it does not fade. Another thing: I never let a weaver weave a carpet for me "well"—that is, beat the filling in until it is close and thick, because it will not wear half as long as one that is woven thin or loosely. When the chain or woof is stretched and strained tightly over the filling, especially rags, it cuts out directly. So much for carpets. And now I have a word to say to you, country girls, about curtains. Not one in five hundred of you have any taste about a curtain! You get a stiff paper blind with big posies on it, and fasten it against your window, then roll it half way up and put a short white curtain, as stiff as starch can make it, with a prim ruffle on it, across the lower part, and I never could tell what the window looked like, unless it is another of the same. It is if possible, stiffer and uglier than the bare venetian blinds, with which city folks are wont to decorate their parlors. I do wish you would get into the habit of looking at the clouds until you get some taste for drapery. Get a curtain for your window always that will reach from the top down to the floor. Gather it full, so that it will hang in folds, and for mercy sake, never starch it! If you use a paper blind, let it be for a blind, just to darken the room, and put a curtain over it. If you cannot afford to buy a curtain, take an old muslin sheet, put a fringe to it, and put it up. One pretty, cheap summer dressing for a window is a nankeen blind. You can get muslin that will answer for a 6p a yard, then color it with ley, you know the sun cannot fade that. Put a blind of this, made to roll up, against the window, and put a long white curtain over it. The light coming through the buff muslin has a pretty effect; and a clean room, with the windows dressed in this way, has a pleasant, cool look that is very inviting. A very pretty, rich-looking winter curtain can be made with cheap red calico—without any figure is the prettiest—then take old muslin that is too thin and weak for other use, and color it with ley and copperas, line your red curtain with it, and you would scarce believe what a soft, rich, warm look it has; or how much such curtains will add to the appearance of a room! Another way of making home look homelike is, putting a cushion on a settee, a chair and stool. A room without a cushion on anything has a miserable, uncomfortable look. If I had a settee and could not get a cushion for it, I would fold a coverlet, or dark quilt, and lay on—make a pillow of hay, and put a calico cover on it for one end; then when any one comes in tired or weak, he can lean down and rest so nicely; and it makes a room look comfortable. I can tell no reason why rich folks who do not work should have all the comforts of life to themselves, when any one who pleases might have a good share of them if they would just think of it! I have many a time gone into the houses of rich farmers, when I thought their best room was not half as comfortable looking as their barn. Here one could find a nice place to loll and rest on the hay or straw; but there, there was nothing but bare benches and chairs to sit on, bolt upright. This is the fault of you girls! You could get cloth and hay enough to make a few cushions, if you liked; but you don't like, for you are a regular set of chatter boxes, and you will not be good and do as I want you! Annie says she will try to be good, but I am afraid it will end in trying, and there—they are calling me to supper.

BRITISH "NATIONAL" DEBT.—The London Standard of Freedom says that the constant course of the Government to style the public debt "National" is an exception to their mode of nomenclature for everything else of a public nature. The Army and Navy are the *Queen's.* The Church is a State Church. The Courts of Justice are all Regal. Down to the very constable, every officer is the Queen's officer, nay, the peace of the nation is the Queen's peace. The debt alone has, ever since its commencement, in the year 1694, been deemed solely the People's concern. The part of the Government was to borrow and spend it. It was the People's part to pay it.

CONUNDRUMS.—Soap with which a man was *washed* overboard.

The loaf wherefrom "crumbs of comfort" fall.

Strap used to sharpen the water's edge.

The rope with which "Jacob lifted up his voice."